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THE WIDOW TO HER HOURGLASS.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again,
Companion of the lonely hour;
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And clothed with leaves my humble bower
Since thou hast stood,
In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side,
At every birth thou still art near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear,
And when my husband died, —

I've often watched thy streaming sand,
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak as Wisdom's eyes:
Its conic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heaped up, then down again,
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filtering through,
And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin, and sometimes sing
(For now and then my heart will glow);
Thou measurest Time's expanding wing,
By thee the noontide hour I know.
Though silent now
Still shalt thou flow,
And jog along the destined way;
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou get'st a holiday.

Steady as Truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well;
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell:
Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthened day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here, sweet woodbine flower,
Companion of the lonely hour!
I'll turn thee up again.

BLOOMFIELD.

VANISHED HOURS.

WHERE are they gone, those dear dead days,
Those sweet past days of long ago,
Whose ghosts go floating to and fro
When evening leads us through her maze?
Where are they gone? Ah! who can tell?
Who weave once more that long-passed
spell?

They did exist when we were young,
We met our life with strength and trust,
We deemed all things were pure and just,
Nor knew life had a double tongue.
We lightly sang a happy song,
Nor dreamed our way could e'er be wrong.

And then all changed; as life went by,
The friend deceived, or bitter death
Smiled as he drank our dear one's breath,
And would not let us also die.
Day followed day; as on they went
Each took some gift that life had sent.

Yet it was ours, that perfect past!
We did have days that knew not pain,
We once had friends death had not ta'en,
And flowers and songs that could not last
Were ours in that most blessed time,
When earth seemed Heaven's enchanted
cline.

And so I think, when lights burn low
And all the house is fast asleep,
From out a silence vast and deep
Those dear dead days we worshipped so,
Breathe on us from their hidden store
Their long-lost peace, their faith once more.

God keep those dear old times; ah me!
Beyond our vision they may rest
Till on some perfect day and blest
Once more those dear dead days will be.
For death, who took all, may restore
The past we loved, to us once more.

All The Year Round.

ALAS, SO LONG!

AH! dear one, we were young so long,
It seemed that youth would never go,
For skies and trees were ever in song
And water in singing flow,
In the days we never again shall know.

Alas, so long!

Ah! then was it all spring weather?
Nay, but we were young and together.

Ah! dear one, I've been old so long,
It seems that age is loth to part,
Though days and years have never a song;
And oh! have they still the art
That warmed the pulses of heart to heart?

Alas, so long!

Ah! then was it all spring weather?
Nay, but we were young and together.

Ah! dear one, you've been dead so long, —
How long until we meet again,
Where hours may never lose their song
Nor flowers forget the rain,
In glad noonlight that never shall wane?

Alas, so long!

Ah! still shall it be then spring weather?
And ah! shall we be young together?

D. G. ROSEBATH.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
 AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

IN THE TIME OF THE COMMONWEALTH: LUCY HUTCHINSON — ALICE THORNTON.

THERE is no book which has been more appreciated or applauded than the "Life of Colonel Hutchinson," written by his wife. It is one of the many *mémoires pour servir*, which illustrate so largely that eventful period of history, and one of the few which it is a pleasure to read, opening for us, even in its most anxious strain of narrative, an escape into human nature, which, in the midst of the din and conflict, is full of refreshment and consolation. Colonel Hutchinson was on the side which has always been unpopular with poetry and romance. He belonged to the party which are supposed to be enemies to beauty and to every manifestation of art, the stern Puritans, for whom even their defenders claim no grace or gallant bearing—and was one of those who joined in the condemnation of Charles I., a man of prayer-meetings and psalm-singing. Romance, even when it takes the most favorable view of such a man, presents him to us under a semblance of awkward honesty, too good indeed for his tenets, but rude and rustic at the best, not fit to hold a place among the accomplished Cavaliers, like Major Bridgenorth in "Peveril of the Peak." Mrs. Hutchinson's memoir, however, shows a very different phase; and the noble gentleman of her story, a stately figure, something between Chaucer's knight and the later type of Grandison, gives a curious contradiction to all the prejudices and conventional ideas in which we have been bred. It has perhaps served the purpose of literature better to draw a broad line of demarcation between the two parties, and represent the one as appropriating all the graces, while the other had all the piety, of the time. But nothing could be less true. No finer gentleman than John Hutchinson ever added ornament to an age, and no more tender piety than that which flourished in many of the highest Cavalier houses could be found even among the ranks of the martyrs. The latter coexisted with the most boundless depravity, living meekly under the same

roof; the former held itself high amid all manners of petty machinations and *bourgeois* plots. We are obliged to admit, looking at both, that the lines of separation were in no way hard and dry; but that, as happens continually in human affairs, that two factions so closely opposed to each other were at bottom the same, merging on either side into an indefinite mass, which held a little for both, and which connected them by a thousand ties.

Among the women the distinction was still less complete. The prim Puritan dames, in whom fiction has always delighted, as a piquant contrast to the bravery of costume and ornament on the other side, must be sought for among the burghers, in a class altogether beneath that of the ruffling gallants who are so often supposed to find hiding and safety in the impression they made upon the daughters of their captors. Religion made no such difference in these outward details as we are pleased to suppose; and the different ranks of society held to their distinctions as stoutly on the one side as on the other. Nor was the love of sermons, even, confined to one party. The prayers, the meditations, the devout exercises that formed a continual accompaniment to life, were to be found in the houses from which a little contingent marched to join the king, as well as in those that held for the Parliament. The Puritan gentleman "put on a scarlet cloak, very richly laced, such as he usually wore;" the Puritan ladies looked upon Cromwell and his court something as the Faubourg St. Germain contemplated *ces gens là* at the Tuileries in the early days of the last empire—commenting upon the manner in which "his wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape;" although they might admit that, "to speak the truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped." In short, nothing could have been more aristocratic than the republican, and nowhere was there more psalm-singing or devout sermons than in some houses of the Cavaliers.

Mrs. Hutchinson's memoirs were not intended for the public. The compilation of family histories was a fancy of the time. In the leisure of widowhood and age, when her children were out in the world and her noonday over, a woman who had been full of fancy and vivacity all her life — without leisure, in the vicissitudes of an active career, for more than a copy of verses now and then, or a religious meditation, jotted down among the simples in her recipe-book — would amuse herself in the ease of her later days by writing down all that happened, if not to herself, "to your father," in all the principal chapters of his existence. So Margaret of Newcastle, that incomparable princess, wrote a very short sketch of herself, but a prolonged life of her husband, with full description of all his qualities. In the solitude of Owthorpe, when all was over for her personally in this world, she who had stood by her husband's side through a hundred dangers, who had nursed the prisoners when he was governor of Nottingham, and borne himself company in the Tower, — Mrs. Hutchinson set herself to make a chronicle of his deeds, his wisdom, his fine Grandison presence, his magnanimity; and even of his person, his shape "slender, and exactly well-proportioned in all parts," his "eyes of lively grey," his "teeth of purest ivory," his admirable dancing — though this he made no practice of, the lady allows. The composition of the chronicle in itself affords a pretty picture. Owthorpe was a handsome house in Nottinghamshire, the home of the family. The great hall, which is described by the editor, with three large chambers for the entertainment of guests opening out of it, must have been still and deserted when the solitary woman — "under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women," she says, with pathetic pride and courage — went back in the silence upon her old recollections, so bright, so living, far more real in their morning and noonday glory than that dim gentle evening, and wrote down their early tale of love, the story of his noble manhood, her own struggles and terrors for him, their life in prison, the

sad particulars of his death. The sons and daughters for whom it was written all vanished without a name, leaving no track behind them; but the story of John Hutchinson has now become the property of the world. The writer, Lucy Apsley, was born of an honorable lineage, the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, a man of various adventures, who, after two previous marriages, according to the fashion of the time, fell in love at forty-eight with the beautiful young daughter of Sir John St. John, a girl of sixteen. It was of this marriage, and in so grim a scene as the Tower of London, of which her father was governor, that Lucy was born. The parents are described with all the affectionate panegyric which was general in those days. It would be appropriate now, were such a chronicle made, that the filial biographer, clear-sighted and impartial, should set before the reader the defects of his progenitors, and add to the human interest of the story by an analysis of their character, perhaps not much to their credit; but the fashion of former ages was not so, and the Apsleys are placed before us as scarcely, if at all, inferior to Colonel Hutchinson himself. "His life was a continual exercise of faith and charity," his daughter says of Sir Allen; while her mother became a sort of guardian angel to the prisoners, serving them in every way, paying the expenses of the chemical experiments with which Sir Walter Raleigh amused himself during his confinement, as well as ministering to less eminent persons in commoner ways. The daughter of this excellent pair was distinguished from her birth by the quickness of her intelligence. At four she read English perfectly; at seven "had at one time eight tutors in several qualities — languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework; but my genius was averse from all but my book." But these details are but a preface to the story of her life, which is not her own story. The rest of Lucy Apsley's autobiography is given under another name.

While this flower of grace was growing up against the dark background of the Tower, very attentive to sermons and

profitable serious discourse, but still "thinking it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets and poems," and so learned in the same that "I became the confidant in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women—and there was none of them but had many lovers"—a grave but gallant youth, full of every admirable quality, the son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson of Owthorpe, had come of age, and leaving the university, took advantage of the first opportunity he had to escape from his father's house, where a new wife was reigning with a family of new children, and betake himself to London; whence, after a while, he departed to spend the summer months in Richmond, where his music-master had a house in which various people were "tabled," that is to say, boarded, and where Mr. Hutchinson found "a great deal of good young company, and many ingenious persons, that by reason of the court where the young princes were bred, entertained themselves in that place, and had frequent resort to the house where Mr. Hutchinson tabled. The man, being a skilful composer in music, the rest of the king's musicians often met at his house to practise new airs and prepare them for the king, and divers of the gentlemen and ladies that were affected with music came thither to hear; others that were not, took that pretence to entertain themselves with the company." In this boarding-house, frequented as it seems to have been by all the gentry about, and full of fine company and lively meetings, was a little maiden "tabled for the practice of her lute," and waiting the return of her mother, who had gone into "Wiltshire for the accomplishment of a treaty that had been made some progress in about the marriage of her elder daughter with a gentleman of that county, out of which my lady came"—with whom young Hutchinson soon struck up the innocent intimacy that is possible between a grown man and a child. It illustrates a certain freedom of manners, which we should scarcely have expected in such a family as that of the Apsleys, that the little daughter in her musical boarding-house

seems to have been free of all the company about, and permitted to make friends with strangers: as, indeed, it is curious to find the music-master's house a sort of centre of society in which his guests had it in their power to make acquaintance with the best people in the neighborhood. Lady Apsley had a country house at about half a mile's distance from that of Mr. Colman, the music-master; and the little gentlewoman, his fellow-boarder, "would sometimes ask Mr. Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk there with her." Going over the silent house, the young man cast his eyes upon "an odd by-shelf" in one of the rooms, where were some Latin books, and upon inquiring found that these belonged to the child's sister, older than herself by five years, but still scarcely eighteen. We doubt whether such a sight would equally impress the imagination of a young Cambridge man of the present generation; but it had a great effect upon the visionary youth, who had hitherto resisted "all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure them lovers." To fall in love thus with a maiden unknown, on the strength of her learned tastes, and the likelihood that he should never have any chance of recommending himself to her, as she had gone away to be married, was as romantic a proceeding as could have been told of any paladin; but it was providential, as the object of the visionary passion piously admits.

He began first to be sorry she was gone, and gone upon such an account that he was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to hear mention of her; and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage. But it so much inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himself that his heart, which had ever entertained so much indifference for the most excellent of womankind, should have such strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw; and certainly it was of the Lord (though he perceived it not) who had ordained him, through so many various providences, to be yoked with her in whom he found so much satisfaction. There scarcely passed any day but some accident or

some discourse still kept alive his desire of seeing this gentlewoman; although the mention of her, for the most part, was inquiries whether she had yet accomplished the marriage that was in treaty. One day there was a great deal of company at Mr. Colman's, the gentleman's house where he tabled, to hear the music, and a certain song was sung which had been lately set, and gave occasion to some of the company to mention an answer to it which was in the house, and upon some of their desires read. A gentleman saying it was believed that a woman in the neighborhood had made it, it was presently inquired who; whereupon a gentleman then present, who had made the first song, said there were but two women that could be guilty of it, whereof one was a lady then among them, the other Mrs. Apsley. Mr. Hutchinson fancying something of rationality in the sonnet beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, although, to speak the truth, it signified very little, addressed himself to the gentleman, and told him he scarce believed it was a woman's; whereupon the gentleman, who was a man of good understanding and expression, and inspired with some passion for her himself, which made him regard all her perfections through a magnifying glass, told Mr. Hutchinson that, though for civility to the rest he entitled another lady to the song, yet he was confident it was Mrs. Apsley's only, for she had sense above all the rest, and fell into such high praises of her, as might well have begotten those vehement desires of her acquaintance which a strange sympathy in nature had before produced. Another gentleman that sat by seconded this commendation, with such additions of praise as he would not have given had he known her. Mr. Hutchinson hearing all this, said to the first gentleman, "I cannot be at rest till this lady's return, that I may be acquainted with her."

This romantic desire was heightened by the jocularly of a footman, sent by Lady Apsley with letters to her little daughter, who, on being asked whether her sister was married, replied by drawing forth "some bride laces which were given at a wedding," thus giving the company to believe that the young lady was married. There is something very odd in the idea of the mother and daughter thus going forth into the country "to accomplish the treaty," with the possibility that the wedding might occur anywhere, at any moment, after the fashion of the drama, in which all that was needed was to send for a notary, a priest, and the fiddles; the whole affair being so entirely a matter of business, however, that no sense of failure, of offended delicacy on the lady's part, or offence on that of the gentleman, accompanied the falling through of the project. When Mr. Hutchinson heard

this, he "immediately turned pale as ashes, and felt a fainting to seize his spirits in that extraordinary manner, that finding himself ready to sink at table, he was fain to pretend something had offended his stomach, and to retire into the garden," from which he withdrew into his room to escape the importunities of his host, who was deeply concerned by his sudden illness, no doubt fearing some reproach upon his table. The visionary spent the sleepless night in endeavoring to regain his right senses, and overcome the effects of this blow," but it booted him not to be angry with himself, nor to set wisdom in her reproving chair, nor reason in her throne of council; the sick heart could not be chid nor advised into health." He even tried to persuade himself that "there was some magic in the place which enchanted men" — being a youth of the seventeenth century which had not outgrown witchcraft. Next morning, however, relief came to him in the shape of an assurance that she was not married; and soon after he had the privilege of making acquaintance with the lady of his thoughts, a happiness which took place as follows: —

One day, having been invited by one of the ladies of the neighborhood to a noble treatment at Sion Garden, which a courtier that was her servant had made for her, and whom she would bring, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Apsley, and Mr. Coleman's daughter were of the party; and having spent the day in several pleasant diversions, at evening, when they were at supper, a messenger came to tell Mrs. Apsley her mother was come. She would immediately have gone, but Mr. Hutchinson, pretending civility to conduct her home, made her stay till the supper was ended, of which he ate no more, now only longing for that sight which he had with such perplexity expected. This at length he obtained; but his heart being prepossessed by his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation. She was not ugly, in a careless riding-habit, she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please others, or took notice of anything before her. Yet, in spite of all her indifference, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her eyes when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien which promised an extraordinary person. He was at that time, and indeed always, very neatly habited; for he wore good and rich clothes, and had a variety of them, and had them well suited and every way answerable — in that little thing showing both good judgment and great generosity, he equally becoming them

and they him — which he wore with such equal unaffectedness and neatness as we do not often meet in one. Although he had but an evening sight of her he had so long desired, and that at disadvantage enough for her, yet the prevailing sympathy of his soul made him think all his pains well paid. And this first did whet his desires to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and to his joy found she was wholly disengaged from that treaty which he so much feared had been accomplished. He found withal, that though she was modest, she was suitable and willing to entertain his acquaintance. This soon passed into a mutual friendship between them; and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquired such a friend, who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her councils, for she was then much perplexed in mind.

The pretty old-fashionedness and youthfulness of this picture could scarcely be surpassed. The background might have been put in by Watteau: the "noble treatment at Sion Garden," made in honor of his mistress by the courtier who was her servant; the pleasant diversions in which the day was passed, look like one of the entertainments given to Dorimène by some Cleonte or Valère, more noble than M. Jourdain. Then the interruption at supper,—the beating heart with which the young dreamer, able to eat no more for excitement and longing, got up from table with pretence of civility to escort the little girl home through the evening fields,—his hurried glimpse of the young traveller just arrived "in a careless riding-habit," but "not ugly," she allows—with what tender fidelity all these details must have been written in the heart of her, who so long after—more than a quarter of a century—set them down for the instruction of his children! There is a holiday air about the whole scene, which belongs to the sweet season in which the fancy of the young in all ages "lightly turns to thoughts of love," and in which a country party, an evening walk, a chance encounter, are the events of life, far more important than revolutions or acts of Parliament. The young lady was much perplexed in her mind because of the desire of her mother and all her friends that she should marry, and of their displeasure at her rejection of suitable offers. "She was obedient, loth to displease them, but more herself in marrying such as she could find no inclination to," which probably was the reason of "the negligence of her dress and habit" with which her neighbors upbraided her, and the air of indifference with which she confronted a

world made up of courtiers, too pressing and full of "troublesome pretensions," and of such rural suitors as that one whom she had been taken into Wiltshire to meet with, and with whom the treaty had fallen through. The gallant young Hutchinson, grave as herself, and full of dreamy passion, appeared to her "a person of virtue and honor, who might be safely and advantageously conversed with"—a "happy relief from the court gallants, with their victorious airs, who were apt to think, when a young lady held herself aloof from graver suitors, that "it was a secret liking for them that caused her dislike for others." The two would occupy themselves, no doubt, with more serious subjects, while all the other pairs flirted and chattered around; for she was "a little disturbed with these things, and melancholy," and he no doubt too willing to take what color she pleased so long as he could make his suit unproved. "He daily frequented her mother's house, and had the opportunity of conversing with her in those pleasant walks which at the sweet season of the spring invited all the neighboring inhabitants to seek their joys; where, though they were never alone, yet had they every day opportunity for converse with each other, which the rest shared not in, while every one minded their own delights."

These proceedings, notwithstanding the serious maiden's indifference and melancholy, soon brought about their natural end. She tells her hearers with a tender pride that if she were to relate all that took place "it would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe;" but these, she adds, "are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth." There remained, however, another trial for the young couple before their engagement terminated, which was the commonest of dangers in those days, though now happily passed out of the list of our apprehensions.

That day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell sick of the smallpox, which was in many ways a great trial upon him. First her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease for the present made her the most deformed person that could be seen for a great while after she recovered; yet he was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit her chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than or-

dinary before she recovered to be as well as before.

The marriage thus accomplished was one of those marriages of true minds, by which that inner happiness, which is the sovereign balm against outside calamity, is secured. He "never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities," she says, with the fond consciousness of faithful love. She was soon overwhelmed with the cares of a nursery; and one of the first acts of the young Puritan, so soon to be a prominent figure in the Roundhead party, was, by the persuasion of his wife, an attempt to "buy an office" in the Star Chamber—a negotiation which, however, was not successful. The reason was, that either some means of procuring "an augmentation of revenue" should be adopted, as the young couple had begun their family by an arrival of twin boys, soon to be followed by other children,—or that they should retire into a cheaper country,—a conclusion which she, little desirous of leaving the neighborhood of her mother and friends for the wilds of Nottinghamshire, was anxious to avoid. It is a curious indication how little as yet the mass of undistinguished gentlemen had divided themselves into parties, that this should have happened so late as the year 1639. After this failure, which she afterwards understood to be providential, the young lady yielded, and they went with their babies to Owthorpe, which henceforward became their home. It is scarcely needful to follow the pair through all the troubles in which they were soon to be important actors. They were very young when they retired to Owthorpe—Mr. Hutchinson but twenty-three, his wife three or four years younger. Moved by all the excitements of the time, he set himself to study the whole matter in the quiet of his rural house. It was about the time of the massacres in Ireland, when men's minds were greatly stirred, and Ireton, afterwards so well known, a kinsman of Hutchinson, and with great influence over him, was in the country, ready no doubt with his account of the principles of the Parliament, and the untrustworthiness of the king. Though they were all firmly convinced, as England continued to be for the rest of the century, that an attempt "to bring back Popery and subvert the true Protestant religion" was at the bottom of all the usurpations of authority, yet the young thinker of Owthorpe made up his mind that this danger, though "apparent to every one that impartially considered it,"

was still not "so clear a ground for war as the defence of the just English liberties." His first step in public life was in opposition to the attempted carrying away by Lord Newark, lord-lieutenant of the county for the king's service, of the powder belonging to the train-bands of the county; and it was not very long before he became colonel of a troop raised in the Parliamentary service, and finally governor of the castle of Nottingham, which, in Mrs. Hutchinson's animated narrative, stands out before us with all its risks and grievances,—the foes outside not so dangerous as the petty jealousies and conspiracies within; an uneasy charge in which her husband, still a very young man, conducted himself with a noble temper and courage, which justify her pride in him. Our space does not permit us to trace this story throughout, but we may make, as Mrs. Hutchinson does, "a little digression," to explain how "the name of Roundhead came up"—a name which she was very indignant to have applied to her husband.

When Puritanism grew into a faction, the zealots distinguished themselves, both men and women, by several affectations of habits, looks, and words, which, had it been a real forsaking of vanity and an embracing of sobriety in all those things, would have been most commendable. . . . Among other affected things, few of the Puritans, of what degree soever they were of, wore their hair long enough to cover their ears; and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks as was something ridiculous to behold. From this custom of wearing their hair, that name of Roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole Parliament party, whose army, indeed, marched out as if they had been only sent out till their hair was grown. Two or three years after, any stranger that had seen them would have inquired the reason of their name. It was very ill-applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who, having naturally a fine, thick-set head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him, although the godly of those days, when he embraced their party, would not allow him to be religious because his hair was not in their cut, nor his words in their phrase, nor such little formalities altogether fitted to their humor; who were, many of them, so weak as to esteem such insignificant circumstances rather than solid wisdom, piety, and courage, which brought zeal, aid, and honor to their party.

It was hard upon the young soldier to be thus stigmatized by his political opponents on one side, and rejected on the other for the absence of the outward badge which occasioned the name. His

wife in the mean while suffered various alarms, yet was not so much cast down by her misfortunes but that she could still engage in a piece of *espiglerie*, passing off her brother-in-law as her husband on one occasion to defeat the malice of a Royalist captain—a plesantry which cost Mr. George Hutchinson some trouble, as he was taken prisoner and carried off in the character of his brother, to the great dismay of the ladies. The governorship of Nottingham was no happy charge. While the young master of Owthorpe was looking to his walls and collecting his men, and painfully feeding them upon his own credit, grants from Parliament being small and hard to be got, his house was lying at the mercy of the Royalist bands, his rents appropriated, his lands promised away—no very happy prospect for the anxious young wife, who, alarmed by the appearance of her twins, had prevailed on him to buy a place, and settle to official work and gains. Defender of a castle in arms against the king, nothing could well be more different than his present position and attitude from that of the would-be clerk of the Star Chamber. While he ruled as he could, striving with all the *bourgeois* factions of the town,—the rivals who thought themselves as well entitled to the post of governor as he, and the busybodies who considered themselves able to advise him,—she took upon herself the post of surgeon to the garrison. Mrs. Hutchinson's relative, who edits her work, takes it upon himself to conclude that she had acquired a knowledge of medicine from her mother, Lady Apsley, who had learned the same by means of Sir Walter Raleigh and his chemical experiments. But this seems a little far-fetched; and probably Mrs. Hutchinson shared only the homely science not unusual among the country ladies of her time,—the capacity to dress wounds and stop bleeding, which a life exposed to constant accidents and violence made necessary. How advanced in charity and helpfulness she was, and how far above the cruel prejudices of her time, will be seen by the following description. The town of Nottingham had been betrayed by some of the inhabitants, and occupied and plundered for some days by Royalist troops, who, however, were now beaten off, and forced to evacuate, by the guns of the castle.

There was a large room, which was the chapel in the castle: this they had filled with prisoners, besides a very bad prison which was no better than a dungeon, called the Lion's

Den; and the new captain, Palmer, and another minister, having nothing else to do, walked up and down the castle yard, insulting and beating the poor prisoners as they were brought up. In the encounter, one of the Derby men was slain and five of our men hurt, who, for want of another surgeon, were brought to the governor's wife, and she, having some excellent balsams and plasters in her closet, with the assistance of a gentleman that had some skill, dressed their wounds,—whereof some were dangerous, being all shots—with such good success, that they were all well cured in convenient time. After our wounded men were dressed, as she stood at the chamber door, seeing three of the prisoners sorely cut and carried down bleeding to the Lion's Den, she desired the marshal to bring them in to her, and bound up and dressed their wounds also; which, while she was doing, Captain Palmer came in and told her his soul abhorred to see this favor for the enemies of God. She replied she had done nothing but what she thought was her duty in humanity to them as fellow-creatures, not as enemies. But he was very ill satisfied with her, and with the governor presently after.

The enemies without were, as has been said, nothing to the enemies within. The governor was opposed at every turn by a committee, whose chief work would seem to have been to contest his orders and prepare accusations against him. Three times he was forced to leave his charge and go to London to defend himself against their attacks. Presbyterian ministers (a class which Mrs. Hutchinson had little admiration for) preached against him in the pulpit, and envious burgesses plotted his destruction. His own appearance in the midst of all these oppositions is always gallant and noble: his charity never fails him,—his patience rarely. When his assailant in the pulpit was taken prisoner, and gave himself up as without hope of exchange, in consequence of his sermon, the governor, "who hated poor revenges," delivered his adversary, letting his friend (which was a little hard upon the friend, one can't help thinking) wait for an after occasion. "His own friends would tell him," says his admiring wife, "if they could in conscience and justice forsake him, they would become his adversaries, for that was the next way to engage him to obligations." Altogether this fine Quixote Grandison stands out from the troubled background of petty plot and squabble, like a great Titian portrait full of color and life. He was still only twenty-eight, in the glow of youth and hope. But Mrs. Hutchinson's picture of the townsfolk is not a flattering one. The vaporing min-

ister turned soldier, who can never forgive them for advising him to stick to his sacred profession; the tricky lawyer, full of endless plots; the domineering but stupid aldermen, some of them "malignants," but the greater part faithful enough to the Parliament, if only their private hates were satisfied, — are drawn with no lack of gall in the ink. The Presbyterians were but a shade better than the Papists, evidently, in the lady's eyes. The treacherous Scots were worse than malignants. Her scorn of the nobodies who came to the surface in the perturbation of affairs, is wholly untouched by her admiration for the Commonwealth. Her experience of the governorship of Nottingham was certainly not calculated to make her esteem at a high rate, either the understanding or the spirit of the townsmen. But, like most true aristocrats, she has a sympathy and pity for the people which the masses almost invariably reciprocate. It is the middle class, with its intolerable pretensions, which neither can bear.

When the Royalists were subdued in that region, and Nottingham set free, Colonel Hutchinson left the scene of so many internecine conflicts, and went to London to take his seat in Parliament, to which he had been elected at his father's death in Sir Thomas's place. There was a very bitter spirit of discord and envy raging, Mrs. Hutchinson tells, by which the Presbyterian faction were chiefly inspired. "They would obstruct any good rather than that those they envied and hated should have the glory of procuring it," she says. The colonel and herself were of a very different mood. Their candor and openness of mind were such, that they sympathized with all vagaries of belief. On one memorable occasion, when the colonel had been forced by popular clamor to break up a private prayer-meeting among his cannoniers, some notes concerning *pædo*-baptism were found, which, shut up in the castle, and no doubt glad of something new to study, the young wife read. She was an eager student, and such questions were familiar to her. She soon made up her mind that there was nothing about infant baptism in the Scriptures; "but being then young and modest, she thought it a kind of virtue to submit to the judgment and practice of most Churches, rather than to defend a singular opinion of her own, she not being then enlightened in that great mistake of national Churches." But another child was on the eve of appearing,

and the question had to be solved. She put the notes into her husband's hands, and he, too, examining them with equal candor and impartiality, was shaken in his belief. When the baby had arrived, and his anxious wife was out of the way, the colonel beguiled his solitude by inviting all the ministers to dinner, that they might, if possible, resolve his doubts. But the ministers were unprepared to do anything of the kind; and the result was that the child was not baptized, — a practical conclusion.

Colonel Hutchinson had become an important enough personage, after his governorship, to be involved in all the great events of the time. He was put, "very much against his own will," into the commission for the trial of the king, and put his hand to the death-sentence — a step which his wife defends, though with a certain awe and brevity, as the necessary issue of all that had gone before, from which it was impossible to shrink when the crisis came. Afterwards he was chosen a member of the first Council of State appointed after the establishment of the Commonwealth. It is not, however, with historical events of such magnitude that it is our business to deal, save as affects the private thread of life woven in with them. Colonel Hutchinson derived little advantage from the new turn of affairs: he was that always unmanageable individual — an independent member, fully approving neither one party nor the other, — against "the Presbyterian faction," of which his wife cannot speak with patience, and against the overwhelming influence of the army — doubtful of Cromwell, dissatisfied with the course of events. Here is a little incident which shows the impracticable character of the man, and the trouble he must have been to any and every party, ruling by party means in a divided State. He had been offered the governorship of various towns, and among them had chosen Hull as being at the least distance from his own home.

Soon after this, the Lieutenant General, Cromwell, desired him to meet him one afternoon at a Committee, where, when he came, a malicious accusation against the Governor of Hull was violently prosecuted by a fierce faction in that town. To this the governor had sent up a very fair and honest defence; yet most of the Committee, more favouring the adverse faction, were labouring to cast out the governor. Colonel Hutchinson, though he knew him not, was very earnest in his defence, whereupon Cromwell drew him aside, and asked him what he meant by contending to keep in

that governor (it was Overton). The Colonel told him because he saw nothing proved against him worthy of being ejected. "But," said Cromwell, "we like him not." "Then," said the Colonel, "do it upon that account, and blemish not a man that is innocent upon false accusations, because you like him not." "But," said Cromwell, "we would have him out, because the government is designed for you; and except you put him out you cannot have the place." At this the Colonel was very angry, and, with great indignation, told him, if there was no way to bring him into their army but by casting out others unjustly, he would rather fall naked before his enemies than as such to put himself into a position of defence. Then returning to the table, he so eagerly undertook the injured governor's protection that he foiled his enemies, and the governor was confirmed in his place.

When Cromwell dissolved the Parliament, the Hutchinsons retired to the country, where the colonel found work enough in rebuilding his forsaken house, restoring his lands, planting trees, and educating his children, besides the patriarchal supervision of the district, which his high character and popularity made appropriate and natural. He laid out about two thousand pounds in the purchase of pictures and other objects of art, which were dispersed after the king's death, and with which he decorated Othorpe; and during the interval of the Protectorate—a government which he disapproved, and in which he took no share—continued in strictly private life. "He would not act in any office under the Protector's power," his wife says: but unfavorable as she was to Cromwell, there is an unconscious testimony to the peace of England in his strong hand in her description of her husband's position during these years.

He being now reduced into an absolutely private condition, was very much courted and visited by those of all parties; and while the grand quarrel slept, and both the victors and vanquished were equal slaves under the new usurpers, there was a very kind correspondence between him and all his countrymen. As he was very hospitable, and his conversation no less desirable and pleasant than instructive and advantageous, his house was much resorted to, and as kindly open to those who had been in public contests his enemies as to his continual friends; for there never lived a man that had less malice and revenge, nor more reconcilableness and kindness and generosity in his nature than he.

In short, the condition of the better class of conscientious politicians and soldiers, seeking no advantage to themselves,

seems under Cromwell to have been not unlike that of the cultivated French gentry under the Second Empire—a position of perfectly safe and protected disapproval, in which, when sufficiently far off from the centre of affairs to be free from the irritation of looking on at the methods they hated, the prosperity of the country and the peace around gave to the critics a great deal of comfort in their lives. They were in the shade, and deprived of all power; but their freedom of opposition was not interfered with so long as it was confined to words, and did not disturb the public peace.

At Cromwell's death this comparatively happy disposition of affairs came to an end, and in the moment of anarchy that followed, Colonel Hutchinson was more severely treated than he had yet been, and forced even to take refuge in a secret chamber in his house, in order to separate himself entirely from the wild plans and revenges of the lawless soldiers. After the Restoration troubles of a different kind arose; and the unexpected yet almost inevitable proceedings against the men who had sat in judgment upon King Charles brought dismay into the ranks of the lately triumphant party. Colonel Hutchinson had never been without the consciousness, even at the terrible crisis when he made up his mind to consent to that unparalleled step, that a time would come in which it would be avenged. Among the excuses for their conduct offered by some of the actors in that great scene, he appeared with none; but professing that he had acted according to what seemed to him right, placed himself in the hands of Parliament, declaring "if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he would freely submit his life and fortunes to their disposal." At this momentous period, when everything hung in the balance, the wife, who has all this time abandoned her personality altogether, and thought only of her husband's, comes boldly to the front, and takes up his defence.

Mrs. Hutchinson, whom to keep quiet her husband had hitherto persuaded that no man would lose or suffer by this change, at this beginning was awakened, and saw that he was ambitious of being a public sacrifice, and therefore herein only, in her whole life, resolved to disobey him, and to improve all the affection he had to her for his safety, and prevailed with him to retire; for she said she would not live to see him a prisoner. With her unquietness she drove him out of his own lodging into the custody of a friend, in order

to his further retreat if occasion should be, and then made it her business to solicit all her friends for his safety. Meanwhile it was first resolved in the House that mercy should be shown to some, and exemplary justice to others; then the number was defined and voted it should not exceed seven; then upon the King's own solicitation that his subjects should be put out of their fears, those seven were named, and after that a proclamation was sent for the rest to come in. Colonel Hutchinson, not being of the number of those seven, was advised by all his friends to surrender himself in order to secure his estate; and he was very earnest to do it, when Mrs. Hutchinson would by no means hear of it; but being exceedingly urged by his friends that she would hereby obstinately lose all their estate, she would not yet consent that the Colonel should give himself into custody, and she had wrought him to a strong engagement that he would not dispose of himself without her. At length, being accused of obstinacy in not giving him up, she devised a way to try the House, and wrote a letter in his name to the Speaker, to urge what might be done in his favour, and to let him know that by reason of some inconvenience it might be to him, he desired not to come under custody, and yet should be ready to appear at their call; and if they intended any mercy to him, he begged they would begin it in permitting him his liberty upon his parole till they should finally determine of him. This letter, she conceived, would try the temper of the House: if they granted this, she had her end, for he was still free; if they denied, she might be satisfied in keeping him from surrendering himself.

Having contrived and written this letter before she carried it to the Colonel, a friend came to her out of the House, near which her lodgings then were, and told her that if they had but any ground to begin, the House was that day in a most excellent temper towards her husband; whereupon she wrote her husband's name to the letter and ventured to send it in, being used sometimes to write the letters he dictated, and her character not much differing from his. These gentlemen who were moved to try this opportunity were not the friends she relied on; but God, to show that it was He, not they, sent two common friends, who had such good success that the letter was very well received; and upon that occasion all of all parties spoke so very kindly and effectually for him, that he had not only what was desired, but was voted to be free without any engagement; and his punishment was only that he should be discharged from the present Parliament, and from all offices, military or civil, in the State forever; and upon his petition of thanks for this, his estate also was voted to be free from all mulcts and confiscations.

Mrs. Hutchinson's prevision was afterwards fully justified by the miserable fate of the others, "who were decoyed to sur-

render themselves to custody by the House's proclamation after they had voted only seven to suffer," and who were imprisoned, tried, exposed to barbarous treatment in the Tower, had their estates confiscated, and were exposed besides, as she says with indignation, to "the eternal infamy and remorse which hope of life and estate made them bring upon themselves by base and false recantations of their own judgment, against their consciences." The colonel, as might be supposed, "was not very well satisfied in himself for accepting deliverance." When he saw how the others suffered, he felt that he himself was "judged in their judgment and executed in their execution." It is easy to realize what a man so generous must have felt in such circumstances. "His wife, who thought she never deserved so well of him as in the endeavors and labors she exercised to bring him off, never displeased him more in her life, and had much ado to persuade him to be contented with his deliverance." He was not, however, very long afflicted with this magnanimous distress. A very short time after, he was sent for to bear evidence against his coadjutors, which he refused, and thereby lost all chance of favor with the reigning powers. After a short period of tranquillity in the country, he was suddenly arrested again, on vague suspicion of some plot, and imprisoned in the Tower. Here the struggles of his wife to obtain a hearing for him, to ascertain of what he was accused, and to soften the pitiless secret tribunals at whose mercy he was, were endless. There is never an "I" in the book from beginning to end. The dauntless woman describes these trials of her power and patience as occasions on which her hero "sent his wife" to one functionary or other; but these are too long to be followed here. He was condemned to be banished to the Isle of Man; but afterwards was sent off suddenly to Sandown Castle in Kent, "a lamentable old ruined place" on the coast, where the rooms were all out of repair, and no possibility of any comfort was. The story of his confinement in this place, and of the pathetic family meetings in this room, "which was a thoroughfare room having five doors in it, one of which opened on a platform that had nothing but the bleak air of the sea, whilst every tide washed the castle walls," are heart-rending. His wife, who had not been permitted to be with him in the Tower, followed him sorrowfully with her son and daughter, and lodged at Deal, from whence they walked

daily to his prison. Their family life, all broken up and come to nothing, was confined to these dreary pilgrimages by the edge of the sea, and the prison table at which they sat with him: yet the colonel endured it so cheerfully that he was never more pleasant and contented in his whole life.

When no other recreations were left him, he diverted himself with sorting and shadowing cockle-shells, which his wife and daughter gathered for him, with as much delight as he used to take in the richest agates and onyxes—he could compass with the most artificial engravings, which were things, when he recreated himself from serious studies, he as much delighted in as any form of art. But his fancy showed itself so excellent in sorting and dressing these shells, that none of us could imitate it, and the cockles began to be admired by several persons that saw them. These were but his trifling diversions; his business and continual study was the Scripture, which, the more he conversed in, the more it delighted him—insomuch that, his wife having brought him some books to entertain him in his solitude, he thanked her, and told her that if he should continue as long as he lived in prison, he would read nothing there but his Bible. His wife bore all her own toils joyfully enough for the love of him, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her that if she were but cheerful he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befell him. He would also bid her consider what reason she had to rejoice that the Lord supported him, and how much more intolerable it would have been if the Lord had suffered his spirits to have sunk, or his patience to have been lost under this. One day when she was weeping, after he had said many things to comfort her, he gave her his reasons why she should hope and be assured that this cause would revive, because the interest of God was so much involved in it that he was entitled to it. She told him that she did not doubt but the cause would revive; but, said she, notwithstanding all your resolution, I know this will conquer the weakness of your constitution, and you will die in prison. He replied, I think I shall not; but if I do, my blood will be innocent. I shall advance the cause more by my death, hastening the vengeance of God upon my unjust enemies, than I will by all the actions of my life. Another time, when she was telling him she feared they had but placed him on the sea-shore in order to transport him to Tangier, he told her if they had, God was the same God at Tangier as at Owthorpe: prithee, said he, trust God with me—if He carry me away He will bring me back again.

But these sorrowful days were drawing near a close. As the summer ended, with all its loving, melancholy talks, Mrs.

Hutchinson found it necessary to go back to Owthorpe for needful supplies. She left her husband sadly, with many forebodings, fearful lest he should be “shipped away to some barbarous place in her absence.” “The colonel comforted her all he could, and on the morning she went away, said, ‘Now I myself begin to be loth to part with thee.’ But yet, according to his usual cheerfulness, he encouraged himself with her, and sent his son along with her.” But it was not to a barbarous place that the courageous prisoner was to be shipped away. For a few days he continued his cheerful talk and musings, walking on the seaside—a privilege which had recently been granted to him—with his child and the devoted brother who had been his companion all his life—the keeper, let us hope, having humanity enough to keep out of hearing as he followed them along the beach—“discoursing” sometimes “of the public concerns,” and how further troubles were sure to arise; but that “it must be a sober party”—not one of the extreme and excited parties of the past—“that must then arise and settle them;” sometimes of his Scriptural studies, which, during the incoming winter, he would make his wife set down for him: “For,” said he, “I will no more observe their cross humors; but when her children are near I will have her in my chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms; and then in the winter nights she shall collect several observations I have made of this epistle since I came into prison.” But there were no winter nights left for them to continue their work together. He died after little more than a week’s illness—leaving for his absent wife the message to which she refers with a proud and tender obedience in the preface to her work: “Let her,” he said, “as she is above other women, show herself on this occasion a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women.” He died in his bleak, seaside prison early in October, 1663, at the age of forty-seven. His faithful wife carried him to his home to be buried, though it was at “an intolerable expense”—conveying him across London, “through the whole heart of the city,” without, she says, “one reviling word or indignity offered them the whole way.” The verdict of the doctors upon him was, that no disease but his prison had killed him. When she had laid him in his grave, the brave woman, in proud love and grief, obeying the command that had been laid upon her, “not to grieve

at the common rate of desolate women," made this noble memorial to him—such a monument as few of the greatest of earthly heroes and sages have attained; and thereafter effacing herself altogether, as if she had died with him, is seen of us no more.

Alice Thornton is a woman of a very different order from Lucy Hutchinson. She is a great deal more devout in meditations and religious phraseology, though on the Cavalier side in politics; but she has no share in the greater story of the nation, and her chronicle, besides a great deal of small-beer, is occupied with herself and her own affairs, to the exclusion of most other things. She has no hero, nor is there any great love in her life. She is the type of the ordinary in comparison with the more elevated nature. Through her we obtain a glimpse into those dull, respectable homes in which so much of the strength and so little of the beauty of English existence lies. The only thing out of the way about her personally, is that she was subject to various unpleasant reports, which she vigorously denies and defends herself against; but, as in so many cases, the energetic defence suggests a possible guilt, and it would have been wiser of the learned society which brought her record of herself to light, if they had left out all concerning this. The heat of the old plea against an accusation which has fallen dead long ago with its promoters alike and its victim, has a curious, galvanic sort of earnestness in it; but nobody is interested now in knowing whether Mrs. Thornton was more or less immaculate. There is nothing in her story which makes us feel instinctively, as we do in the case of Mrs. Hutchinson, that reproach or scandal can have nothing to do with her. Its interest lies in its simple pictures, openings deep down into the country life, which remained stolid, comparatively unmoved, while the artillery was roaring, and wild gleams of civil war were lighting up the landscape. We have said that she had nothing to do with public life; but her father had held a high appointment in Ireland—that of lord deputy, in which he succeeded the Earl of Strafford, his relation. But he died while his children were still young, leaving a book of advice to his son, of which there is much mention in the family, and a will which went through many strange hazards, and was only recovered many years after by a singular concatenation of circumstances. The death-bed of

Strafford's cousin and successor is described at length with much devoutness of religious expression. The Irish rebellion broke out a few months after his death, while his helpless young family were still in Dublin with their mother. They were, like others, roused in the middle of the night to take refuge in Dublin Castle, when the intended massacre of the inhabitants of the town was found out. When they reached England, it was only to drop into the dangers of another beleaguered city, Chester, some of the incidents of the siege of which Mrs. Thornton relates:—

I had in this time of the siege a grand deliverance, standing in a tirit in my mother's house, having bin at praire in the first morning we were besett in the town; and not hearing of it before, as I looked out at a window towards St. Marie's Church, a cannon-bullett flew soe nigh the place where I stood, that the window suddenly shut with such a force that the whole tirit shooke; and it pleased God I escaped without more harme save that the waste tooke my breath from me for that present, and caused a great feare and trembling, not knowing from whence it came. I blesse and praise the Lord our God for this my perculer preservation at that time. Allso my brother John Wandesforde was preserved from death in the smallpox, he having taken them of one of my cozen William Wandesforde's sons living then at Chester. Greate were my mother's fears for him, and caire and paines she took about him, and at last hee through nursing was recovered, although he was very much disfigured, having bene a very beautiful child, and of a sweet complexion. In the time of his sickness I was forbidden to come to him, least I should gett the smallpox and endanger my own life, and so observed my mother's command in that; but my love for him could not contain itself from sending in letters to him by a way found out of my own foolish invention, tieing them about a little dog's neck, which, being taken into his bed, brought the infection of the disease upon myself, as also the sight of him after his recovery, being strooke with fear, seeing him so sadly used, and all over read, I immediately fell very ill.

Shot and shell without, and smallpox within, made a sharp mixture; and fortunately few English maidens since have shared Alice Wandesforde's experience, as she stood in the "tirit" with her breath taken away by the "waste" of the cannon-ball. After a time, the widow and her children got home to their own house at Kirklington in Yorkshire, and afterwards to Hipswell, her jointure house, where the family had their share of the troubles of the time. The battle of

Marston Moor was made memorable to them by an adventure of the elder son's, who, coming back secretly from France, where he had been bred, "wanting supplies in the warre's time," found himself while on his way entangled in the rout of the king's force; and pushing on towards York to take his younger brother Christopher from school, before that city too was taken, met the lad "riding towards the moor with other boys, which was going in their simplicity to see the battle"—took him up on his horse behind him, and fled homeward, pursued as if he had been a fugitive from the battle. The two found their way by the back door into their mother's house at midnight, where they were received with great joy and thanksgiving; but George was considered as a belligerent, and his property was sequestered in consequence. The next trouble of the household was one which reflects little credit upon the "Scotts party," as Mistress Alice calls them,—the treacherous Scots whom Mrs. Hutchinson holds in so high disdain. Evidently our poor nation was not popular in England in those days. It was hard work to live at all in Yorkshire after Marston Moor, "for the madnes of the Scotts who quartered all the country over, and insulted over the poore country and the English." Lady Wandesforde compounded for the men quartered upon her, paying as much as "1s. 6d. a piece, when others at ninpence only in a month"—a rather obscure statement; but a house in which there is a pretty daughter has other dangers in times of war.

Att length there came one Captain Innes which was over that troope we had in towne, and he coming on a surprize into the house, I could not hide myself from them as I used to doe: but coming boldly into my mother's chamber, where I was with her, he began to be much more earnest and violent to have staid in the house, and said he would stay in his quarters; but we so ordered the matter, that we gott him out by all the fair means could be, to gett quitt of him, who was so vild a bloody looked man, that I trembled all the time he was in the house: I calling to mind with dread that he was soe infinit like in person my lord Maguire, the great rebell in Ireland, was in a great consternation for fear of him. After which time, this man impudently told my aunt Norton that he would give all he was worth if she could procure me to be his wife, and offered three or four thousand pounds, and Lord Adair should come and speak for him. She said it was all in vaine; he must not presume to looke that way, for I was not to be obtained. And she was sorry he might not have any incoragement, for I was

resolved not to marry, and put him off the best she could—but writt me private word that my Lord of Adair and he would come to speak to me and my mother about it, and wished me to gett out of his way. It was not to further that desire in me, who did perfectly hate him and them, all like a todd in such a kind; and immediately acquainted my dear mother, which was surprised and troubled, for she feard they would burn down her house and all, wished me to goe whither I would to secure myselfe; and I did soe forthwith, ran into the towne, and hid myself privately in great fear and afright, with a good old woman of her tenants, where, I bles God, I continued in safety till the vissitt was over, and at night came home. We was all joyfull to escape soe, for my dear mother was forced to give them the best treat she could, and said indeed she did not know where I was, and sent out a little to seeke me, but I was safe from them. After which time this villaine captaine did study to be revenged of my dear mother, and threatened cruelly what he would do to her because she hid me, tho' that was not true, for I hid myself.

On another occasion this violent wooer resorted to still more strenuous measures, and "lifted" Lady Wandesforde's cattle, cursing her at her window and wishing "the deale blaw me blind and into the ayre,"—an expression which shows Mistress Alice had a good ear for the wild Scot's barbarous language, if the spelling is a little incomplete. The widow's peaceable jointure house amid its fields, with the risk of a northern invader breaking in any day, or a friend arriving hunted and breathless by the back way any evening, must have been kept in excitement such as it is hard to realize in England; and they were quiet people, making no demonstrations, the sons too young to throw themselves into any party, and the women not imprudent even in their devotion. Mistress Alice indeed gives utterance to a wail over the killing of the king, which is so entirely Puritan in its phraseology and tone of thought, that it is difficult to believe it is a Royalist young lady who writes; and her account of the religious oppressions of the time, from the Churchwoman's side of the question, has much novelty in its revelations. Her brother's estate was sequestered, not only in consequence of that flight from the outskirts of Marston Moor, with his boy brother behind him, but because he had presented to the family living of Kirklington "a very pious godly minister, but not of the Presbyterian faction," who was displaced, and another of views more conformable to those of the victorious party put in his stead. The young man was still under

age, and it could not be proved against him that he took any part in the fight; but nevertheless, he, his mother, brothers, and young sister, were all proclaimed traitors to the Parliament, and George obliged to disguise and hide himself. To get the sequestration done away, the family resorted to the aid of some members of the other party, who responded by putting forward a suitor, in the person of a certain Mr. Thornton, which was "a good man and a good estate, about £700 per annum," for the hand of Mistress Alice. "As to my own particular," she says, "being willing to be advisable by my friends in the choice of a husband, deeming their judgments above my own, was persuaded that this proposal might turn to the good of the whole family, and was inclined upon these grand motives and inducements to accept of this motion for Mr. Thornton contrary to my own inclination." But, alas! the motive for which this young lady was chiefly willing to take this step, her love and concern for her brother, ceased to be of any importance before "the motion" was carried out. The sketch of George's mournful end is the most touching page in the memoir. The young man was setting out to thank the gentlemen who had been working in his behalf for the removal of the sequestration, and had made his obeisance to his mother and craved her blessing, when his sister, who is somewhat fond of discoursing on the subject of her ailments and wonderful recoveries, was seized with a pain in her neck, which interrupted their leavetaking.

He pitied me, and would have staid with me but that his uncle William staid for him at Richmond for letters that post: and after his walking three or four turns about the chamber in his studeing of his bussinesse, till, methoughts, I saw a great deale of change, he looked so seariously and soberly, as if there was some great change neere, but what I knew not, only feared the worst that we should be deprived of him whom I so dearly loved. He in a very reverent manner kneeled downe and asked blessing at his going out againe not long before: which my mother tooke notice of, praieng God Almighty to bless him, and said, "Sonn, I gave you my blessing but even now; how cometh it that you take so solemne a leave of me?" He answered, "Forsoothe, I cannot have your praiers and blessing for me too often;" and so with her praiers for him in his preservation, and his most humble obeisance in a dutiful manner, he took his leave, bidding me "Farewelle, dear sister; I hope to find you better at my returne home." I likewise praied him to have a care of himself: and lookeing after him, I thought he had the

sweetest aspect and countenance as I ever saw in him, and my heart was even full of feares that we should lose him, there was soe greate and intire an affection for him on whom we did all so much depend: and speaking of this to him, he said, I was allwaies full of feares for him, but hee did not deserve it: and this was the last parting we had in this world, with abundance of deare love and affection betwixt us as we ever had in our lives together. Going after this down-stairs, hee called for his horse, and although he had two men my mother kept for him, yet took hee neither with him, but bade his footeman James Brodricke (an Irishman and an excellent runner) to mete him at Richmond at two o'clock, where he was to have mette my uncle William. So my brother went towards the river, and as he rid by our chapel, where there was a wedding that day, he asked the people whether the Swaile might be ridden. They said there had bin a flood, but it was fallen, for some had crost the river that morning. Soe he, bidding the people joy in their marriage, went very slowly towards the river: and as we heard afterwards by two men which saw him on the other side, he went down as carefully and slowly as foot could fall. Nor was the second flood come so high till he was in the midst of the river: but when it comes from the Dales it falls with a mighty mountaineous force suddainly, as I can myselfe testifie, whoe (through the mercye of God) was very nigh perishing in that water once or twice, but was delivered. . . . But to returne to the sad relation of my brother, which we was informed of by two men which walked beyond the river, they perceaving a gentleman goeing downe to the water, imagining it some one from Hipswell, seeing afar off that the flood came suddainly and mightily downe, made haste to the Swaile, and see only his horse getting out of the river, where he had bin tumbled in all overhede, and by swimming had got out and shaken himselfe. They got hold of his bridle but missed the person that rid on him, perceived it to be his horse, made a great search for my brother, but could not find the bodie. With great sorrow and lamentation they ran to Easby and Richmond, raising all the towns, flocking in exceedingly with lamentable mournings and outcries for him whom they dowbted was loste in that unhappy river.

This lamentable description has all the force of a picture; and in the contrast between the peaceful interior, the mother half disturbed in the midst of her other occupations by the unusual solemnity of the demand a second time for her blessing, the sister, looking after him, admiring at the "sweetest aspect and countenance" she had ever observed in him, as so often happens at such a crisis of fate—and the dangerous ford and dark flood, "falling with a mighty mountaineous force suddainly," is dramatic and

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tragic to the highest degree. The loss was a terrible one to the family; for the drowned heir was their pride and prop, and the brother who succeeded him was of much less amiable conditions,—denied the rights of the younger children, and brought the whole family into trouble. The marriage which followed soon after was settled, not without many searchings of heart, for Mistress Alice does not deny “her great unwillingness to consent to that change which involved a thousand miseries.” But the credit of the mother and daughter were apparently to a great degree pledged, notwithstanding many hesitations on the subject of means and settlements. Mr. Thornton’s estate was “below the fortune” of the young lady. “A cleare match or two, as Collonel Anstrooder [Anstruther?] and my Lord Darcy’s son, Collonel Darcy, of £1500 per annum or more,” were proposed to her, and Mr. Thornton at the best had only £600, or probably less. “Oh what a strait was we brought to in this great affaire!” she cries. Then there was the question of religion, which was tearing the realm asunder.

Again, I considered that Mr. Thornton’s relations were opposit to my oppinnions of the Church of England and religion; and if he himself had bin of the same riggid oppinnion of the Presbyterians, I could by noe means have granted soe to dispose of myselfe to be miserable in the great conserne of my soule, and to bring forth children to be soe educated. In this point I was resolved to put it to the tryall by declaring to Mr. Thornton that I supposed he was not ignorant of my judgment and religion, whence I was educated in the faith of God and the profession of the true Protestant Church of England. In it I lived, and did, by God’s grace, intend to dye; so that if he was not of the same faith with me, we should be miserable, and I could not for all the world match myselfe to soe great misfortune, nor could he have any satisfaction to have one of a contrary oppinnion to himselfe; therefore desired him to forbear any further suite in that way, not being comfortable to either, for he might match with such which was more suitable in all regards than myself, and I was soe happy in my condition of a single life that I loved it above all, having the excelent company and example of my honoured mother. After this discourse, most candidly and seriously delivered to him, I perceived his great trouble in mind; and tould me he was well satisfied with my oppinnion and religion and all things else concerned me, beeing much above his hopes, desert, or expectation, and also did assure me faithfully that hee himselfe was of the same oppinnion, and was for a moderated episcopacy and kingly government, owning that the best; and that I should enjoy

my owne conscience as I desired (if I honoured him to marry him), and to bring up my children in the same faith he did profess to me, both now and att all times.

Satisfied on this point, Mistress Alice consented to the marriage. She was ill on her wedding-day, poor lady, “eight houres before I had any intermition,” which she attributes to the fact that she had “washed my feete at that time of the yeare” (in December)—a dangerous experience. This was a melancholy beginning to her married life, which “began in sicknesse, and continued in affliction, and ended in great sorrowes and mourninges.” She confesses that “I was very desirous to have then delivered up my miserable life,” so that her prospects were not of the brightest; and the further progress of her story runs through all manner of conflicts and misfortunes, complicated by the arrival of a number of babies. For some years she lived in comparative peace with her mother, and at her cost; which kindness on the part of Lady Wandesforde must, her daughter calculates, including everything,—“all manner of charges, expenses, and household affaires in sickneses, birthes, christnings, and burials, of and concerning ourselves and children, with the diette, etc., of nurses, menservants, and maides, and our friends’ entertainment, all things don of her own cost and charges, all her daies while she lived,”—have cost this good mother not less than £1600. This for ten years does not seem a high estimate. Mrs. Thornton became her mother’s heir and residuary legatee, inheriting everything she had to give, besides her “lute and vyoll,” “also harpsicall virginals for her life”—with twenty shillings to buy her “a ringe,” and other details. The inheritance, however, was much reduced by the refusal of Sir Christopher her brother to settle as he ought his father’s property, and the absence of the father’s will, supposed to have been lost in the troubles in Ireland, but which turned up at last in the following curious way:—

The clarke to whom the fees was due (for a copy which had been lost) for the securing of his monneys, did keep the will of my father with the probatt of the same by my cozen Wandesforde, of the file, and laid them very cairefully up in a large iron-bound chest, together with many more writings of the same nature, deeds of evidences which belonged to persons of quality, supposing these that wanted them would inquire for them. This same clarke lodged at Mr. Kerny’s house in Dublin, and fell sicke there, and before he died,

owing this Mr. Kerny some monneys for his table, called to him and told him that he owed him monneys, but could not pay him, for he had a great deale owing to him for those writings and deeds. And that he gave him into his own charge an iron-bound chest with a key, which he charged him to have a great caire of, and to deliver them into the hands of such as should inquire for them, and assured him they were of so great valew that the parties would pay well for them. The poor clarke died, and Mr. Kerny still kept the chest in safe custody, and non came to inquire for these writings, and there was such a disturbance in Ireland and that city of Dublin, that till there was somme peace and respit from troubles, he did not see fitt to looke into the chest. But now, as it was soe ordered by God in His providence for our reliefe, was the time that Mr. Kerny did first open this chest, finding many deedes, and wills, and evidences, . . . till he came to the very botom of it, and findes a large stately writing in five sheets of parchment, and looking at the bottome, the name of my Lord Deputy Wandesforde, with his hand and seale, and which was the lost will and testament; finding also Mr. Ralph Wallis his hand as a witness to the will, with four other men's hands to it; also the probatt of the said will as it had bin out of the court and put there for custody. Mr. Kerny knowing Mr. Wallis, his hand, went forthwith to him and asked him if he knew my Lord Deputy Wandesforde. Mr. Wallis answered, "Yes, he had reason to know," and spoke greatly in his incommum. "But why doe you ask this question?" Mr. Kerny said, "Do you know your hand when you see it?" "I think I doe," says Mr. Wallis. At which Mr. Kerny produced my dear father's will and showed it to him. Upon this Mr. Wallis cried out, "Oh, my deare lord, how joyful I am to see this blessed hand again!" and with affectionate teares he kissed his deare lord's hand and name, saing, "I will be deposed of the truth of it that this is my lord's last will and testament," and that he himself engrossed every word of it, beeing written by his owne hand, and that it was the last act his lord did, to confirme and ratify the said last will and testament. Saing, with a sad heart, for the want of this will to sett all right in the family, we were all most destroyed.

It does not seem, however, that the discovery did so much good as was to be expected, for Mrs. Thornton was more or less in contention with her brother Christopher until her dying day. Irish estates were hard to manage, and difficult to get profit from, or any settlement of, in that day as at this. The poor lady had many oppositions and troubles to meet with. She had many children, and many deaths among them. Her husband was ailing, unthrifty, and of a melancholy temperament, and her sad forebodings in marry-

ing seem to have been to a great extent realized. It is true that once he was dead and interred in "his own alley [aisle] at Stongrave church," he became "my dearest heart" to his wife, and she herself an inconsolable widow; but during his lifetime he would seem to have been an entirely incapable person, leaving everything upon her hands, and signalizing himself only by sudden mortgages of his estate, and engagements to pay money which he did not possess. Mrs. Thornton was careful and troubled about many things, it is evident, out of one vexation into another, with enemies who did all they could to harm her. A certain Mistress Anne Danby, with a malicious maid Barbary, who tells evil stories to her discredit, appears dimly in a mist of passion and tears, declaring her to be naught, and her parents naught, which unfounded accusation against the dead father and mother who were her pride, and from whose higher estate she had condescended to Mr. Thornton, who was but one of the small gentry, made her "sfound" with indignation and distress, although on her own side of the question we find plenty of friends, and one good, honest friend-servant attached to the family all her life, who closed Lady Wandesforde's eyes, and reappears on the scene whenever there is anything wanted — the good Dafeny (Daphne) who cares for Mistress Alice when she is a girl, and defends her when an injured wife. The muddle, however, into which the troubled woman gets in these unfortunate moments is beyond our power to follow. The reader will perceive that it is not too easy at any time to keep the thread of her discourse; and when it is accompanied by the impassioned recollections of wrong, even though she is piously glad to know that these wrongs have been avenged by Providence, her style baffles description. Altogether, our glimpse into the curious dim interior where the father has periodical fits of palsy and a continuous melancholy, where the mother is striving always hotly, tearfully, with a sense of wrong, to manage the common affairs and get her children provided for, is not a happy one. There is a young curate in the background, afterwards Dr. Comber, Dean of Durham, but for years established in the house at East Newton as a sort of chaplain and catechist, amusing Mr. Thornton with his facetious conversation, declaring his love for young Alice, the gentle Nally, when she was but fourteen, and, slanderers said, making himself agreeable under

this cover to her still young mother, whose presence introduces a possible tragedy into the narrative. But he marries Nally eventually, notwithstanding that she too has the smallpox and loses her lovely complexion, and becomes a well-known divine and dignitary of the Church; so that no doubt all was right. The second daughter also marries a clergyman,—no very satisfactory match for a gentleman's daughter in these days; and the only son, much longed for and prayed for—a little Samuel devoted from his birth to God's service, and showing all the sweetness of premature devotion while still a child—would seem to have been a very unsatisfactory man, and died early before his mother; so that the poor soul had but little consolation, one way or other, in her life. Her letter to this cherished boy, when he is supposed to be recovering from a fever apparently brought on by his own careless life, is heartrending: "Your poore and desolate mother who has moned herself away for your iniquitys, and now must suffer much more by your calamitys," she calls herself. "Sonn, I cannot adde any more for teares, which I pour out for you with my humble prayers," she says. This was forty years from the time when she entered sick and sorry into the marriage which brought her so little good. She died at eighty, after restoring with sound rafters her "alley" in Stongrave Church, and handing on her mother's "harpiscall virginals," along with the more solid parts of her property, to a number of Combers and Purchases, her progeny through the humble marriages her daughters had made.

We must add her contribution to the religious history of the time from the Cavalier side:—

Since the sad and dismall times of distraction in Church and State, the people in most of the northerne country was much deprived of the benefit of those holy ordinances of the Word and Sacraments; but especially of the latter, which, with the use of the Lord's Praier, was wholly laid aside, as under the notion of reliques of idolatrie and popish superstition. Soe that, least we should offend God by serving Him in His own way and command, superstitiously, and pray to Him in His own words, there was found out another manner of worship, by presenting to His Majesty praier continuall out of our owne braine composed, and that not with premeditation too often. And the Lord's Praier was by many despised as drie and insipid, by others neglected out of a compliance with the times. Alsoe the Holy Sacrament, which was the testimoniall of the highest act of our Saviour's love to us lost

men, was had in contempt as uselesse to the Church of Christ. . . . Noe wonder, then, if we were brought to such plagues and confusion in this land, whoes pride was soe great and devotion soe dead. But we who thirsted after these waters of life did still all these times after my dear mother came to Hipswell, as well as at Weschester, enjoy this blessing through the mercy of God—even all the time of my mother's life, to my exceeding great satisfaction and comfort; but after her death, and my coming from St. Nicholas into my own house at East Newton, which was above two whole years, I had not once the opportunity of receiving. For there was not then any minister at Stongrave which did administer the Sacrament, nor had done there for many years. Soe that I was holy destitute of an opportunity to perform that comfortable refreshing duty which my soul longed for and grieved much for the want thereof. But I could not obtaine that happiness, in regard that the ministers had not given it on this side during the warres; nor was it again established here (August, 1662) since the coming of the king. Neither indeed had we any minister settled at Stongrave, our parish church, which was a great griefe to me.

We need not point out the extraordinary peculiarities of Mrs. Thornton's spelling. She seems to have had a great inclination to put in double consonants wherever it was practicable, which does not hinder her from cutting one out whenever it strikes her fancy. The science of orthography seems in those days to have had no existence. But Mrs. Thornton is a Johnson in comparison with some of her less cultivated correspondents.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER the strange scene in which she had been made a party to her sister's wretchedness, it was inevitable that Edith should return to Lindores so completely occupied with this subject that she could think of nothing else. It was some time before she could get her mother's ear undisturbed; but as soon as they were alone, after various interruptions which the girl could scarcely bear, she poured forth her lamentable story with all the eloquence of passion and tears. Edith's whole soul was bent upon some remedy.

"How can there be any doubt on the subject? She must come home—she must go away from him. Mother! it is sacrilege, it is profanation. It is—I,

don't know any word bad enough. She must come away —"

Lady Lindores shook her head. "It is one of the most terrible things in the world; but now that it is done, she must stand to it. We can do nothing, Edith —"

"I cannot believe that," cried the girl. "What! live with a man like that, — live with him *like that* — always together, sharing everything — and hate him? Mother! it is worse wickedness than — than the wicked. It is a shame to one's very nature. And to think it should be Carry who has to do it! But no one ought to be compelled to do it. It ought not to be. I will speak to papa myself if no one else will — it ought not to be —"

Again Lady Lindores shook her head. "In this world, in this dreadful world," she said, "we cannot think only of what is right and wrong — alas! there are other things to be taken into consideration. I think till I came home I was almost as innocent as you, Edith. Your father and I were very much blamed when we married. My people said to me, and still more his people said to him, that we should repent it all our lives; but that once having done it, we should have to put up with it. Well, you know what it used to be. I suppose I should be ashamed to say that I found it very easy to put up with. It was a strange sort of wandering life —"

"Oh, how much happier than now!" cried Edith. "Oh, poor little Rintoul! poor uncle! if they had but lived and flourished, how much better for us all!"

"I would not say that," said Lady Lindores. "I think now that when we were all so happy your father felt it. He did not say anything, but I am sure he felt it. See how different he is now! Now he feels himself in his right place. He has room for all his talents. Edith, do not put on that look, my dear child."

Edith's face was soft and young; but as her mother spoke, it hardened into an expression which changed its character entirely. Her upper lip closed down tight upon the other; her eyes widened and grew stern. Not her father himself, not the old ancestors on the panels, looked more stern than this girl of twenty. She did not say anything, but the change in her face was answer enough.

"Edith! you must not form such strong opinions; you must not make yourself the judge —"

"Then I must not be a human creature, mamma; and that I am, grown up, and

obliged to think for myself. Sometimes I wish I did not. If I could only believe that all that was done was well, as some people do. Here all is wrong — all is wrong! It ought not to have been at all, this marriage, and now — it ought not to continue to be —"

"My darling!" said Lady Lindores, appealing to her child with piteous eyes, "I am to blame too. I ought to have resisted more strongly; but it is hard, hard — to set one's self against one's husband, whom one has respected, always respected, and who has seemed to know best."

Edith's face did not relax. "Let us not talk of that," she said. "It makes one's heart sick. I think every one was wrong. Neither should you have done it, mamma — forgive me! nor should Carry have done it. She ought never, never, to have consented. I could not believe till the last moment that it was possible. Some one should have stopped it. I hoped so till the last moment; but when once it was done, as you say, one thought at least that he loved her. Why did he want to marry her if he did not love her? But he can't love her, since he behaves so. No love at all, either on one side or the other; and yet the two bound together for their lives. Was there ever anything so horrible? It ought not to be! It ought not to be!"

Lady Lindores took her daughter in her arms to soothe her; but Edith, drying the hot tears from her eyes, was almost impatient of her mother's caresses. What were caresses? Well enough, sweet in their way, but setting nothing right that was wrong. Yes, it was true the mother should not have permitted it, any more than the daughter should have done it. Two human creatures, grown up (as Edith repeated to herself), able to judge — they ought not to have allowed themselves to be swept away by the will of another. This was how the resolute girl put it. Her father she gave up — she would not judge him, therefore she preferred not to think of him at all. He had done it determinedly, and of distinct purpose; but the others who submitted, who allowed themselves to be forced into ill-doing, were they less to blame? All this she had gone over at the time of Carry's marriage, and had suppressed and forced it away from her. But now the current turned again. She withdrew herself from her mother's arms. Here was the most hideous thing in the world existing in her sight, her sister at once the victim and the

chief actor in it, and all that could be given her in her eager attempt to set things right was a kiss! It seemed to Edith that the shame on her cheeks, the fire in her eyes, dried up her tears. She turned away from Lady Lindores. If she should be doomed too, by her father's will, would her mother have no better help to give her than a kiss? But when this idea passed through the girl's mind, she tossed back her head with an involuntary defiance. Never should such a doom come upon her. Heaven and earth could not move her so far. Obedience! This was such obedience as no one of God's creatures had any right to render to another — neither wife to husband, nor to her parents any child!

After this there was a long pause in the conversation between the mother and daughter. Lady Lindores divined Edith's thoughts. She understood every shade of the repugnance, disgust, disapproval, that the young upright spirit, untouched as yet by the bonds and complications of life, was passing through. And she shrank a little from Edith's verdict, which she acknowledged to be true. But what could she have done, she asked herself? Who would have approved her had she opposed her husband's wishes, encouraged her daughter to keep to a foolish engagement made under circumstances so totally different, and to refuse a match so advantageous? She had done everything she could; she had remonstrated, she had protested; but when Carry herself gave in, what could her mother, in the face of the universal disapproval of the world, at the risk of an absolute breach with her husband, do? But none of these things did Edith take into account — Edith, young and absolute, scorning compromises, determined only that what was right should be done, and nothing else. Lady Lindores withdrew too, feeling her caress rejected, understanding even what Edith was saying in her heart. What was a kiss when things so much more important were in question? It was perfectly true. She felt the justice of it to the bottom of her heart, and yet was chilled and wounded by the tacit condemnation of her child. She went to her work, which was always a resource at such a moment, and there was a silence during which each had time to regain a little composure. By-and-by, when the crisis seemed to have passed, Lady Lindores spoke.

"We must have young Erskine here," she said, almost timidly. "Your father

has asked him; and in the circumstances, as we saw so much of him before, it is quite necessary. I think, as this unpleasant suggestion has been made — now, Edith, do not be unreasonable, we must do what we can in this world, not what we would — as this has taken place, I will ask Carry and her husband to meet him. It will show Mr. Torrance at least —"

"Mother!" Edith burst out — "mother! I tell you of a thing which is wickedness, which is a horror to think of, and you speak of asking people to dinner! Do you mean to turn it all into ridicule? — oh, not me, that would not matter — but all purity, all fitness? To ask them to — meet him —"

"My dear, my dear!" cried Lady Lindores, half weeping, half angry, appealing and impatient at once. She did not know what to say to this impracticable young judge. "We cannot resort to heroic measures," she cried. "It is impossible. We cannot take her away from him, any more than we can make of him a reasonable man. Carry herself would be the first to say no — for the children's sake, for the sake of her own credit. All we can do is to make the best of what exists. Mr. Torrance must be shown quietly how mistaken he is — how much he is in the wrong."

"Mr. Torrance! I would show him nothing, except how much I scorn him," Edith cried. "A man who dares to torture my sister — a man — who is not worthy to take her name into his lips, with his insolent doubts and his 'Lady Car,' which I cannot endure to hear!"

"But who is her husband, alas! I cannot bear to hear it either; but what can we do? We can take no notice of his insolent doubts; but we must prove, all the same, to all the world —"

"Mother! But if it did so happen — who can tell? — that it had been — poor Edward?"

"Hush!" cried her mother, almost fiercely; and then she added, "God forbid, Edith — God forbid!"

But who could have divined that such preliminaries were necessary to procure the assembling of the little party which met a few evenings later at Lindores, just on the eve of the departure of the family to London for their short enjoyment of the season? John Erskine had been told that it would be merely a family party — his old friends, as Lady Lindores, with kind familiarity and a smile so genial and so charming that the young man must

have been a wizard had he seen anything beneath it, assured him. It never occurred to him to think of anything beneath. The earl had been as cordial, as friendly as could be desired; and though it gave him a disagreeable sensation to meet, when he entered the room, the stare of Torrance, whose big, light eyes seemed to project out of his face to watch the entrance of the stranger, yet he speedily forgot this in the pleasure with which he found himself greeted by the others. Carry walked across the room with a gentle dignity, which yet was very unlike the shy brightness of her old, girlish aspect, and held out to him a thin hand. "I think you scarcely remember me," she said, with a soft, pathetic smile. She was not, as many women would have been, confused by the recollection that her husband was there jealously watching her looks and her tones: this consciousness, instead of agitating her, gave her a kind of inspiration. In other circumstances, the very sight of one who had been a witness of her brief romance might have disturbed her, but she was steeled against all tremors now.

John could scarcely make her any reply. The change in her was so great that he was struck dumb. Her girlish freshness was gone, her animation subdued, the intellectual eagerness quenched in her eyes. A veil of suffering and patience seemed to fall about her, through which she appeared as at a distance, in another sphere. "Indeed," he said, hesitating, "I should scarcely have known you," and murmured something about his pleasure in seeing her — at which she smiled again sadly, saying nothing more. This was all their greeting. Edith stood by with an unusually high color, and a tremor of agitation in her frame, which he perceived vaguely with surprise, not knowing what it could mean; and then the little incident was over, half of the company seeing nothing whatever in it but a mere casual encounter of old acquaintances. Besides the family, there were present the girl whom John Erskine began within himself to call "that everlasting Miss Barrington," and the minister of the parish, a man carefully dressed in the costume adopted during the last generation by the Anglican priesthood, who was one of the "new school," and had the distinction of having made himself very alarming to his presbytery as, if not a heretic, yet at least "a thinker," given to preaching about honest doubt, and trifling with German philosophy. These two strangers

scarcely afforded enough of variety to change the character of the family party. Torrance devoted himself to his dinner, and for some time spoke but little. Lady Caroline occupied herself with Dr. Meldrum with something of her old eagerness. It was evident that he was her resource, and that vague views upon the most serious subjects, which everybody else thought high-flown, found some sympathy in this professional thinker, who was nothing if not heretical. As for John, he was wholly occupied by Lady Lindores, who talked to him with a fluency which was almost feverish.

"We shall find you here when we come back," she said, "with all your arrangements made? And I hope Rintoul will return with us. Certainly he will be here in August, and very thankful to find a neighbor like you, Mr. Erskine, with whom he will have so much in common."

"That's a compliment to the rest of us," said Torrance, who sat on the other side. "Rintoul, I suppose, doesn't find much in common with us ignorant clowns in the county," — this he said without looking at any one, with his head bent over his plate.

"I did not say so. Rintoul is not so much with us as I could wish — he has his duty to attend to. To be sure, they get a great deal of leave; but you young men have so many places to go to nowadays. You spend so very little time at home. I wonder if it is a good thing or the reverse," said Lady Lindores, with a little sigh. "A mother may be pardoned for not admiring the new way, when our sons come home, not for us, but for the shooting."

"I think I am scarcely able to judge," said John: "home — perhaps was a little different to me: my mother has so many claiming a share in her. And now my home is here in Dalruizian, which is merely a house, not a home at all," he said, with something between a laugh and a sigh.

"You must marry," Lady Lindores said; "that is what the county expects of you. You will disappoint all your neighbors if you do not accomplish this duty within a year. The question is, whether the lady is already found, or whether we are to have the gratification of seeing you go through all the preliminaries, which is a great amusement, Mr. Erskine; so I hope you have your choice still to make."

It was accident, of course, which directed her eyes to Nora, who sat by Torrance — accident only; for a kind woman,

who was herself a mother, would not have willingly done anything to light up the sudden color which flamed over the girl's face. Nora felt as if she could have sunk into the earth. As for John, it seemed almost an insult to her that he should look at her coldly across the table with studious unconsciousness.

"I am afraid I cannot undertake to furnish amusement for the county," he said, "in that way—and Dalrulzian is not big enough for two people. I had no idea it was so small. It is a bachelor's box, a lodge, a sort of chambers in the country, where one can put up a friend, but nothing more."

Here Nora found a way out of her embarrassment. "Indeed," she cried, "you wrong Dalrulzian, Mr. Erskine. We found it sufficient for our whole family, and the most delightful place to live in. You are not worthy of Dalrulzian if you talk of it so."

"I think Erskine is quite right," said Torrance, between two mouthfuls; "it's a small little bit of a place."

"So is Lindores," the countess said eagerly; "there are quantities of small rooms, but no sort of grandeur of space. We must go to Tinto for that. You have not yet seen Tinto, Mr. Erskine? We must not be jealous, for our old nests are more natural. If we were all rich enough to build sets of new rooms like a little Louvre, there would be none of the old architecture left."

"You are speaking about architecture, Lady Lindores," said Dr. Meldrum. He had just returned from his first expedition "abroad," and he was very willing to enlighten the company with his new experiences: besides, just then Lady Caroline was pressing him very hard upon a point which he did not wish as yet to commit himself upon. "Stone and lime are safer questions than evolution and development," he said, turning to her, in an undertone.

"Safer perhaps, but not so interesting. They are ended and settled—arrange them in what form you please, and they stand there forever," said Lady Caroline, with brightening eyes; "but not so the mind: not so a single thought, however slight it may be. There is all the difference between life and death."

"My dear Lady Caroline! you will not call the stones of Venice dead—or St. Peter's, soaring away into the skies? Though they are but collections of stones, they are as living as we are."

"I begin to recognize her again," said

John, innocent of all reason why he should not fix his attention upon poor Carry, as her pale face lighted up. He felt too pitiful, too tender of her, to speak of her formally by her new title. "She used to look like that in the old days."

"Yes," said Lady Lindores, with a sigh. "Poor Carry! visionary subjects always pleased her best."

Torrance had raised his head from his plate, and was lending an eager ear. "It's confoundedly out of place all that for a woman," he said. "What has she to do with politics, and philosophy, and nonsense? She has plenty to think of in her children and her house."

Lady Lindores made him a little bow, but took no further notice. She was exasperated, and scarcely under her own control; but Nora, on the other side, was glad to have the chance of breaking her lance on some one. If Pat Torrance was not worth her steel, there was at least another opposite whose opinions she had no clue to, whom she would have liked to transfix if that had been possible. "It does us poor girls good to have the benefit of a gentleman's real opinion," she said. "Would you like Lady Caroline to make your puddings? It is so good to know what is expected of us—in all ranks."

"Why not?" said Torrance, over his plate. "A woman's business is to look after her house—that was always considered the right thing. I hope you are not one of the strong-minded ones, Miss Barrington. You had much better not. No man ever looks at them."

"And what a penalty that would be!" cried Nora, with solemnity.

"You wouldn't like it, that I'll promise you. I tell you, they are all the ugly ones. I once saw a lot of them, one uglier than the other—women that knew no man would ever look at them. They were friends of Lady Car's, you may be sure, all chattering twenty to the dozen. They want to get into Parliament—that is at the bottom of it all; and then they would make a pretty mess—for us to set right."

"But, Mr. Torrance, you could not set it right, for you are not in Parliament any more than I am," said Nora pointedly. He gave her a look out of his big eyes which might have killed her had looks such power. The earl had complained that his son-in-law was not amenable in this matter. But nobody knew that it was a very sore point with the wealthy squire, whom no one had so much as thought of for such a dignity. Much poorer, less

important persons than himself, had been suggested, had even sat for the county. But Torrance of Tinto, conscious that he was the only man among them who could afford to throw away a few thousands without wincing — of him nobody had thought. He had declaimed loudly on many occasions that nothing would induce him to take the trouble; but this slight had rankled at his heart.

"Mr. Torrance would not like London life," Lady Lindores said, coming to his aid; "turning night into day is hard upon those who are accustomed to a more natural existence."

"You speak as if I had never been out of the country," said her ungracious son-in-law. "I know that's the idea entertained of me in this house; but it's a mistake. I've seen life just as much as those who make more fuss about it."

"And you, Mr. Erskine, have you seen life?" said Lady Lindores, turning to him with a smile.

"Very little," said John — "in London at least."

"It's a wonderful idea to me, though most people seem to hold it," said Dr. Meldrum, coming in, in a pause of that conversation with Lady Caroline, which sometimes alarmed him by its abstractness and elevation, "that life is only to be seen in London, or in Paris, or some of those big centres. Under correction, Lady Lindores, and not to put my small experience above the more instructed —"

"That is an alarming beginning," cried Edith. "Dr. Meldrum means to show us how ignorant we all are."

"That's what I never can show any one in this house," said the minister, with old-fashioned politeness; "but my opinion is, that life in a great metropolis is the most conventional — ay, you'll acknowledge that — the most contracted, the most narrow, the most — Well, well, if you'll not let a man speak —"

The hubbub of contradiction and amusement made the party more genial, more at ease, than it had yet been.

"If you make that out, doctor, you will give us something new to think of," the earl said.

And poor Lady Caroline, who found in the good minister her chief intellectual resource, prepared to listen to his argument with all the attention of a hearer who believes fully in the abilities of her guide. "I think I can see what Dr. Meldrum means," she said.

"I am sure you will see what I mean," the doctor said gratefully. "In the first

place, it's far too big to make society general — you'll allow that? Well, then, the result is, that society, being so vast, breaks itself up into little coteries. It's like a number of bits of villages just touching each other, like a long thread of them, every one with its own little atmosphere. That's just London to me. You meet the same people as if you were in a village; then go out of that clique to another, and you meet the same people again, but another set. There was one day," said the minister, with a certain pride, "that I was very dissipated. I went out to my lunch, and then to a party in the afternoon, and then to my dinner, and to two places at night. It was a great experience. Well, if you'll believe me, I was wearied with seeing the same faces, in a great society like London, the chief place in the world. There was scarcely one I did not meet three times in the course of that day. In the country here, you could not do more. There's as much variety as that in Dunearn itself."

"I see what Dr. Meldrum means," said Carry. "No doubt it was a special society into which he had been introduced, and people were asked to meet him because they were distinguished — because they were people whom it was a pleasure to meet."

"That's a great compliment to me, but I cannot take it to myself. They were, many of them, persons that it was no pleasure to meet. Some with titles, and, so far as I could see, little more. Some that were perhaps rich — I hope so, at least, for they were nothing else."

"This is cynicism," said Lord Lindores; "and I, who have lived in the opinion that Dr. Meldrum was the most benignant, the most tolerant of men —"

"One can understand entirely," repeated Lady Caroline, standing by her friend, "what he means. I have thought so myself. The same faces, the same ideas, even the same words that mean so little —"

"I didn't know you were so well up in London society, Lady Car," said her husband, who had been trying for some time to strike into the *mêlée*, and whose lance was specially aimed at her of all the talkers. And then there was a general flutter of talk, instinctive, all round the table; for when a man stretches across to say something disagreeable to his wife, everybody present is upon their honor to quench the nascent quarrel. The ladies left the table soon after; and the conversation of the men did not afford the same risks, for

after one or two contradictions, which the earl put aside with well-bred ease and a slight but unanswerable contempt, Torrance sank into sulky silence, taking a great deal of wine. At such moments a little poetic justice and punishment of his sins towards his daughter was inflicted even upon Lord Lindores.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GARIBALDI.

BY HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP.

THE first time I ever saw General Garibaldi was in Milan in 1848. He was reviewing the Anzani battalion, which, after the armistice between the Austrians and the Piedmontese, he led against the enemy — Mazzini bearing the flag of "God and the People" at the head of the column. Garibaldi had just returned from the camp of Charles Albert, to whom he had offered his sword and services. These the king had refused, while the minister of war, Ricci, said to him, "You can go and play the corsair on the waters of Venice."

The fame of his mythological feats by land and by sea in South America had already made him the idol of the Italian youth; his actual presence enhanced the enthusiasm. Of middle stature, square-built, well-knit frame, lithe and stalwart, his figure always reminded me of the *miles Romanus*. He was dressed in a close-fitting brown coat and high hat; his beard was long and thick; his fair, golden hair flowing over his shoulders; his profile was that of a Greek statue; the eyes small and piercing; the whole face lion-like. He was just forty years of age — in the flower of manhood and beauty.

He was accompanied by a band of officers who had fought under his command at Montevideo, and had followed him throughout all successive campaigns. Among them were Sacchi, Medici — now generals in the royal army — Leggero, Rodi, Bueno, and others; all of unrivalled courage, who looked upon him as the god of war, obeyed him with the blindest enthusiasm, and imbued the volunteers with those sentiments of devotion, admiration, and confidence, which time and fresh victories generalized in Italy and in the world.

The Lombard campaign he finished on his own account; then after the defence of Rome and a year's banishment in Amer-

ica and Asia, he returned in 1856, as captain in the merchant service, to Genoa.

On the 9th April, 1860, at Lugano, where I was living in exile, I received the following letter: —

MY DEAR MARIO, — The news from Sicily is good. Pay in the money you have collected to Dr. Agostino Bertani, of Genoa. Assuredly I shall do all I can for our unhappy Nice; if we cannot wrest it from the felon of the 2nd September, we shall at least protest. Write to Bisceco at New York, and tell him also to send his 250 dollars to Bertani.

Affectionately yours,
G. GARIBALDI.

In 1860 we landed with Medici at Castellamare, and arrived at Alcamo. Garibaldi came to meet us on horseback, delighted at the sight of this first expedition sent to him from the Continent, and headed by his favorite friend and officer. I had never yet been personally presented to him, but he at once held out his hand, saying, "You are Alberto Mario; I am glad to have you here, you did well to come." He had guessed who I was, because I was accompanied by my wife, who for many years had known him, he having spent some time in her father's house at Portsmouth. He placed a carriage at our service, and we returned with him to Palermo; where on the morrow, he received me in his little bedroom at the splendid palace of the Normans, and attached me to his staff. He was seated on his bed, overlooking the wondrous view of the Golden Shell and of Monreale — assuredly one of the most enchanting landscapes in the world. Offering me a cigar, he said, —

"Do you know this morning I had a visit from Admiral Persano, who is here in the bay with two frigates. Guess why he came? He was sent by Cavour to beg me to arrest you and your wife — to consign you to him on board the 'Maria Adelaide,' to be sent back to Genoa. I looked at him with astonishment, and answered indignantly, 'Signor Ammiraglio, reply to Count Cavour that I am not his police agent, like his lieutenants — Ricasoli, Farini, Lionetto, or Cipriani — in central Italy; that I do not arrest tried and honored patriots who have come to our assistance, and that I feel much offended by the demand. Signor Ammiraglio, let us speak of other things.' Quoth the admiral, visibly disconcerted, 'They are republicans!' and I, 'Republicans? Their republic at present is the unity of Italy, which we intend to found, and for which we are willing to spend our lives!' And

instead of sending you two on board the 'Maria Adelaide,' I despatched La Farina, sent here by Cavour to create embarrassments, and to prevent me from completing the liberation of Naples by promoting the immediate annexation of Sicily, when even the island is not yet entirely freed from the Bourbon."

Rarely have I seen the general so excited, for he usually preserved an Olympian calm in the midst of tempests and agitation. I thanked him, and told him that Cavour had sent the same orders to Colonel Medici, detaining the expedition at Cagliari. Medici, out of delicacy, did not inform us of the fact, otherwise we never should have allowed such an important affair to be suspended for our unimportant selves. I shall never forget Medici's courtesy, especially as he owed much to Cavour and the Cavourians for the success of his undertaking.

During that month we made frequent excursions on horseback in the city of Palermo and its neighborhood. Palermo is populated with convents, and Garibaldi set his mind on penetrating their mysteries. The state in which we found the found the penitentiaries and foundling hospitals filled him with grief and indignation. He ordered rigid inquiries into the administration, had the food tested, and took steps for the amelioration of the health of the inmates. It was curious to note how, even into their jealously guarded prisons, Garibaldi's fame had penetrated; how nuns and little children clustered round him with enthusiasm and trust, hailing him at once as liberator and saviour; and how, after the first burst of welcome, one by one, and interrupting each other continually, the nuns in their convents, and the orphans in their squalid habitations, would narrate the cruelties, the privations, the tortures to which they were subject—their emaciated faces and attenuated frames attesting the truth of their affirmations. More than once have I seen tears standing in the general's eyes as he ordered us to take notes of the declarations, and draw up reports that should serve as bases for future reform.

One morning he rode out to the fort of Castellamare which the populace were demolishing with hearty good-will. This fort had been erected to keep the city in order, and to serve as a prison for patriotic rebels; and many of the best and purest Neapolitan citizens had languished there for years.

"It is the consciousness of their right," said Garibaldi, "which inspires these

slaves of yesterday, which strengthens those arms, to shiver, like glass, this stronghold of infamy."

From the fortress we proceeded to Monte Pellegrino, where three or four thousand children, belonging to the very poorest classes of Palermo, were undergoing drill. Garibaldi had ordered Major Rodi, one of his officers of Montevideo, who had lost an arm on the battle-field, to collect these children, give them military training, and pay their parents three tari (a shilling) a day; thus relieving poverty, and keeping the children out of mischief.

"What beautiful lads!" he exclaimed. "We shall make brave soldiers of them; whereas the Bourbons were already training them for thieves and criminals." And regularly every morning he renewed his visits.

On one of these occasions he said to me,—

"Will you organize a regular military school for these children?"

"Willingly, general."

"Good; draw up your project."

On the same day I presented him with the regulations drawn up in due form.

"So soon!" he exclaimed.

"There is no time to lose. If one cannot improvise under a dictatorship, what is the use of a dictatorship?"

It was settled that the new school should be entitled Garibaldi's Military Institute, and should be adapted for three thousand pupils. The general very soon increased the number to six thousand; endowing it with the patrimony of several foundling hospitals and other institutions, whose inmates were transformed into soldiers. I accepted the direction of the college, on the understanding that the post was to be gratuitous, and that I should be free to return to active service as soon as hostilities recommenced. A laconic order, placing the building and necessary funds at my disposal, enabled me, within a month, to organize the institution thoroughly. Officers, non-commissioned officers, school-masters, were all in train; two battalions lodged and boarded at Santa Sabina. For the remainder I had already provided in a convent inhabited by some Palermitan nuns, when one day I received a sudden summons from the general to his pavilion.

"I am displeased with you," he said, half seriously, half in joke; "you have emptied a convent of nuns, among whom is the sister of Rosalino Pilo, the pioneer

of the Sicilian expedition, who died on the battle-field. She has been here repeatedly to express her indignation against you, and to entreat that justice may be done. Dislodge immediately from the convent, and give it back to Pilo's sister and her companions."

"But, general, you gave me *carte blanche*, and I have found a much better convent for them."

"No matter — keep it for the lads."

"But, general, excuse me, I have spent three thousand francs in adapting the convent for a military school. Another thousand would be needed to restore it to its former state."

On this Garibaldi made a gesture of impatience; but, reflecting on the financial condition of the island, and on the fact that his generals only received two francs a day, he relented.

"But you must never forget," he said, "how much priests and friars here in Sicily assisted in the liberation of the island. True, they are enemies to the modern ideas of progress, but, above all, they are enemies to the Bourbons. Try to pacify Pilo's sister, and henceforth leave my nuns in peace."

Garibaldi visited the institution every morning and took the most intense interest in its daily progress. Nothing escaped him. On some days he would be present at the class lessons, on others at the manœuvres, listen to the band, direct the target shooting, taste the food, question the doctor as to the health of the children, himself give them short lessons in patriotism and morals. One morning he arrived at the institution with his felt hat pulled down over his eyebrows — a sure sign of vexation with him. After passing the two battalions in review, he walked away from where his staff stood, bidding me follow him.

"I am molested with persistent appeals for annexation," he said; "and the annexionists are setting these good Palermitans by the ears. I am weary of the implacable war waged against me by Count Cavour, though the island is not yet entirely free. Let them annex it. With four hundred men we can cross the straits, march up Calabria, and free Naples."

"General, allow me to observe that if you permit Sicily to be annexed now to Piedmont you will not be able to secure the four hundred men for the passage of the straits. Those who agitate for immediate annexation do so in order to impede your further progress. Deprived of Sicily

as your basis of operations what could you do with four hundred men? And in case of repulse, whence could help come? where could you take refuge?"

"There is much in what you say," he answered. "What think you of the constitution given by the king of Naples? Will it content the Neapolitans?"

"Not for a moment, general — not for a moment. It comes too late. The young king should have given it when he ascended the throne; no one now would believe in his sincerity. The Bourbons are a race of traitors."

"The young king is innocent of his father's crimes."

"But he has not washed his hands of them. And, besides, the Neapolitans are bent on Italian unity. No reconciliation is possible between them and the reigning dynasty."

"True, we must profit by a fair wind."

King Victor Emmanuel's government had, ever since January, 1860, commenced negotiations for an alliance with the kingdom of Sicily, and even after Garibaldi's expedition to the island Cavour continued these negotiations, pledging the throne of Sicily to the Prince of Syracuse. Hence his anxiety for the annexation of the island to Piedmont, in favor of which a popular demonstration was organized. This irritated Garibaldi beyond bounds, and prompted his famous speech, ending with the words, "Fight first, and vote afterwards."

Towards the end of June, as we were assembled on the terrace of the pavilion, where all the *élite* of Palermo used to gather in the evening in hopes of seeing the general, seven haggard and emaciated youths asked for me, bringing a letter of presentation from my wife. They were the surviving companions of Pisacane, who had perished with three hundred of his followers in the expedition of Sapri (June, 1857), and Garibaldi's victories had liberated them from the dungeons of Farignana, where they had been confined for three years. They were so changed that I did not recognize any one of them. All they asked was to be allowed to thank their liberator. Garibaldi was, at the moment, conversing with the commodore of the United States, his eyes caressing Enrico Cairolo, then a youth, who had received a bullet through his head at Calatafimi, and was killed on the Monte Parioli in 1867. The conversation was often interrupted by presentations by officers of the staff, of Palermitan ladies, hovering round for a smile, or for a word

from the dictator. Profiting by one of these intervals, I announced, "The galley-slaves of Farignana!"

"Where are they? Bring them to me."

As they entered he took the hand of each, and they silently, and many of them in tears, embraced him. The American commodore gazed in amazement at their wan faces and tattered vestments. At last Garibaldi broke the silence.

"Bravo! bravo! I am indeed happy to see you. Tell me of Pisacane's glorious end. If my soldiers sleep in this palace, on the carpets of kings, the merit belongs in great part to Pisacane and his followers, who were our pioneers."

This justice rendered by Garibaldi to their beloved chief, increased the emotion of the brave lads. Seeing them become paler and paler, Garibaldi concluded, and rightly, that they were hungry, and bade me see to their wants. They were soon seated at the dinner-table of the staff in the pavilion, and finished off a hearty meal with the confitures and sweetmeats with which Garibaldi's nuns kept them constantly supplied.

Garibaldi then distributed some piastres to the men, who immediately asked him to enrol them in his ranks.

"The undertaking which you say was commenced by us in 1857 we wish to finish with you in 1860. We are trained sharpshooters; will you not enrol us in the corps of the *Carabinieri Genovesi*?"

This was Garibaldi's crack corps, but he immediately summoned the colonel, Mosto, who, however, could hardly be persuaded to accept the poor fellows, so weak and helpless did they look. But, of course, to Garibaldi's demand, he answered yes.

Out of the seven, five fell, dead or wounded, on the battle-field of Milazzo.

After the battle of Milazzo, to my involuntary reproach for the manner in which he had exposed his life in a hand-to-hand duel with a cavalry officer he answered,—

"Don't worry yourself! our cause would triumph all the same even if I fell in action, but I know that I shall live to see its triumph."

On the evening after the battle, entering with my wife the hall where he was dining with the staff, he called us to his side, and with most punctilious courtesy to her, he said,—

"Allow me to present to you the Admiral Persano;" and to the admiral he added, "The Marios."

The admiral, as though he had never

received any instructions concerning us, talked cordially on the subjects of the day, till Garibaldi interrupted the conversation by ordering me to go immediately to Palermo with instructions to General Sirtori and with the nomination of a vice-director of the military college, refusing meanwhile to accept my resignation.

Persano, hearing the orders, said quickly, "I am going to Palermo at once, and shall be most happy to give you a berth on board the 'Maria Adelaide.'"

"Thanks, admiral, but the general expects his orders promptly obeyed, and would scarcely approve of my going round by Genoa."

Persano, with a look of perfect unconsciousness said, "Why should we touch at Genoa?"

But Garibaldi laughed heartily, and invited the admiral and ourselves to visit the castle of Milazzo, which the vanquished Bourbons were then evacuating, embarking their troops on board French ships. In the courtyard were numerous abandoned and frightened horses, and Garibaldi amused himself by dexterously catching them with a lasso as he used to catch the wild horses in the Pampas. When the sport was over I presented Colonel Mussolino, now deputy in the Italian Parliament, who brought the general congratulations from the French Liberals. Mussolino proposed to the general to land by surprise in Calabria at Cavallo, in front of the Faro. "Go at once yourself," answered the general; "examine the spot, and return to report to me at Messina."

On my return from Palermo it was precisely at Messina that I found Garibaldi, and there accompanied him every day to the Faro, he climbing even to the top in order to study the manœuvres of the Bourbon ships and the Calabrian shore. His whole soul was so concentrated on the idea of crossing over to the continent, that he often spoke no word either going or returning. It was a difficult problem to solve. The straits were possessed by the Bourbon fleet,—whereas Garibaldi had no men-of-war,—the coast bristled with fortresses, the enemy was on the alert.

One day he said to me: "I have chosen you for a dangerous enterprise. You will go as aide-de-camp to Colonel Mussolino to examine the land in Calabria for us."

An hour later he bade me enter his boat with General Medici and Guastalla. It was followed by a little fleet of boats, each manned by six volunteers. The

shore was crowded with soldiers, the drums were sounding the retreat. Night fell; perfect silence was maintained as the arms were distributed. Mussolino said: "General, the cartridges don't fit the revolvers." "Use your fists," was the laconic reply. Then ordering me to enter Mussolino's boat, at the head of seventy-two others, parallel with the shore, and reaching to the Faro, he steered his own boat to the middle of the straits, and the tiny fleet rowed past him, one after the other, at distances assigned by him, and with orders to glide along the shore and make for the lighthouse.

"I have entrusted you with a difficult and dangerous enterprise. I know your courage; I am sure of you. Go, I shall join you soon."

Towards the end of July, 1867, I visited the general in company with Deputy Acerbi at Vinci, intending to try and dissuade him from his intended expedition to Rome. I did my best to demonstrate that in the present state of Italy Rome could not be entered without coming to a compromise with the Church, and he would, while dethroning the king, strengthen the power of the pontiff.

"We will settle with the pontiff when we have dethroned the pope-king," was the only reply vouchsafed. Acerbi had undertaken to point out the embarrassment in which the government would be placed were Italian troops to cross the frontier before the Roman had risen, but without giving him time to speak, Garibaldi said: "You, General Acerbi, will command the volunteers; Viterbo will be our rallying-place; you can treat with Rattazzi, and tell my friends who now oppose my scheme that I give them a month longer for preparation." In wartime or during the preparation for war it was very difficult to discuss with Garibaldi. As he had neither soldiers, nor officers, nor treasury, nor armory, but had to trust to the omnipotence of his name to create them, he was always prepared by long meditation for all the objections that friends or foes offered; and when on the field itself, his acts seemed most spontaneous, you might be sure that he had weighed all the *pros* and *cons*, conjectured what the enemy could or would do in a given circumstance, and decided how best to baffle or defeat him. Hence at the sound of that quietly authoritative voice all Acerbi's courage vanished, and he only said, "General, I thank you for the confidence you repose in me." So thoroughly was I convinced of the

unwisdom of the scheme that I declined accompanying the general on his preliminary tour, nor even after his escape from Caprera did I join him at once, but after a few days the fever of anxiety and uncertainty prevailed, and I joined him at Monterotondo, where he at once named me vice-chief of his staff, the venerable General Fabrizi being the chief.

On the 30th October we marched from Castel Giubileo along the Anio towards Ponte Nomentano with Rome in sight. Ten thousand volunteers formed his little army. Garibaldi made a reconnaissance in person towards the bridge, halting at Casal dei Pazzi; here were already a number of Zouave scouts; our advanced guides signalled their presence, and one of them fell wounded through the lungs. We formed round the general, who ordered me to go in haste to Villa Cecchini for a battalion, with which I soon returned; then we mounted one of the turrets of the castle, and saw a battalion of Zouaves cross the bridge and advance towards the castle. "Here," said the general to Fabrizi and myself, "we can defend ourselves until the rest of the troops come up." I told him that the exit of the castle was free, as I had placed one battalion at the entrance, leaving another at Villa Cecchini. The enemy now attacked us in front and flank, but the general gave orders that our troops were not to reply, as he did not consider it a fit place for a decisive battle. In the evening he gave the orders for returning to Monterotondo, and at once his ten thousand volunteers were reduced to six thousand. Many of them had read the king's proclamation; others knew that with Menabrea instead of Rattazzi at the head of the government all further attempts on Rome were impossible. Already the new ministry had forbidden that provisions, ammunition, or clothes should cross the frontier for our use, and we were in fact blockaded between the Papal and Piedmontese armies. Meanwhile we had persuaded the general to form a provisional government. On the 2nd of November, in one of the halls of the Piombino palace we met to consult Fabrizi, Bertani, Missori, Menotti, Canzio, Bezzi, Guerzoni, Adamoli, Bellisomi, and others. Garibaldi came to the meeting and sat apart; with his elbow on his stick, which in that campaign had served instead of a sword, and his chin leaning on his hand. He listened in silence to the ideas expounded; the articles of the new constitution were duly condensed for his

benefit, the resolutions drawn up were read. On this he rose, and we all rose also. "*Bene, bene,*" he said, "*bravi! fard poi a modo mio.*" "Good, good; well done! now I shall act in my own way." On the night of the 2nd November he summoned me to his room and gave me orders to march before dawn on Tivoli, saying, "We shall thus be protected by the Apennines, and be masters of both banks of the Anio; we can hold out a hand to Nicotera, and Acerbi will soon join us; we encamp in a country which has not been exhausted of its supplies, and the volunteers will no longer be so near *Passo Corese* as to escape easily."

The plan was excellent, and indeed was the only one feasible under the circumstances.

But meanwhile came Menotti, and obtained a delay, as the troops were waiting for shoes and other necessities, and we only set out at eleven on the following morning. The general was not in his usual good-humor; his hat was pulled down over his brows, and he hummed an old war-song of Montevideo as he came down the staircase of Palazzo Piombini and silently mounted his horse. Once on horseback we galloped along all the line in march, and towards midday entered Mentano. A guide came back from the outposts to say that we were attacked. "Go and take up positions," said the general to me. I obeyed, taking our men to the heights and the right and left of the road, while the general himself posted our only two small pieces on another height, thus for a time keeping the assailants in check.

When once the troops recovered from the momentary panic of the sudden and unexpected attack, Garibaldi ordered them to charge with the bayonet along all the front; the order was valorously obeyed, and the Papalini retreated in confusion.

Indeed there was a moment when Guerzoni exclaimed, "General, the day is ours." But soon an unknown and as it then seemed an unearthly sound assailed our ears, like the hissing of tribes of rattlesnakes. The "*chassepôts*" had commenced their "*miracles*," the French had taken the place of the Papalini! There was nothing for it now but to return to Monterotondo. Arrived at the foot of the hill leading to the town, Garibaldi ordered me to defend the height to the left, and sent Colonel Cantone to occupy the convent of the *Cappucini*, to the right, which he did at the cost of his life.

The position of Monterotondo without ammunition or cannon being untenable, General Fabrizi ordered the retreat on *Passo Corese*. Garibaldi never quitted his horse. Perfect silence reigned, save for the sound of the troops marching; it was a mournful spectacle.

After succeeding in removing a huge barricade, I asked the general if he would enter his carriage. "Thanks, no!" The night was passed in a hut at *Passo Corese*; he still hoped for the arrival of Acerbi, but on the morrow allowed the arms to be consigned to Colonel Carava of the Italian army, saying as he gave the order for dissolving the corps, "Colonel, tell our brave army that the honor of the Italian arms is safe."

Once in the railway for Florence, it was the general's intention to return to Caprera. But Menebrea sent troops to arrest him. He refused to yield save to force, at the same time forbidding us to make any resistance, and after a short imprisonment was sent under escort to Caprera, and there considered a prisoner until after the entry of the Italians into Rome, when he departed without saying "by your leave," to offer what remained of him to struggling and defeated France!

From the 4th November, 1867, until January, 1876, I did not see the general, as my Christian charity was not sufficiently broad to sustain me in a war for France against Prussia, who had given us Venice in 1866, and enabled the Italian troops to enter Rome in 1870. In 1876 I found the general in Villa Casalina, outside Porta Pia, intent on his schemes for the prevention of the inundation of Rome by the Tiber, and for the improvement of the Roman Campagna. The eight intervening years had left no sensible alteration on his face or form; the lines of the face were unchanged, the eyes gleamed with their old fire — only the hair and beard were considerably thinner and whiter. The teeth, still perfect, maintained his speech and smile intact. He received me affectionately, saying, —

"We are changed indeed since last we met; I have lost both hands and feet."

And indeed he gave his left hand as the least crippled of the two. As we were talking, a boy of six rushed into the room, accompanied by some English ladies and a person who, coming up to the general, said, —

"Look at Manlio; how well the sailor's costume suits him! He is quite proud of himself. Miss — made it for him without taking his measure."

The general, taking the child between his knees, thanked the English lady, and turning to me and pointing to the speaker, said, —

"This is my wife, and this is our little son; call Clelia."

Clelia, about two years older, appeared, and thus the new family group was completed, and the general's eyes beamed with pleasure. Presently, addressing himself to the English ladies, he said, —

"You have lost your mother, I understand; it is a great trial, but a natural one. The idea of death does not weigh on my mind; I am prepared for it; only I would fain not suffer more, I have already suffered so much. One ought to look on death as on a friend. Priests have terrified the imagination with their pictures of hell, and purgatory, in which I do not believe at all. See here, I have been invited to go to London, to assist at a conference of evangelical people. Are you Protestants?" he asked, looking at the ladies above his spectacles.

"Yes."

"Well, then, listen to my reply." And he read a letter in which he said that he belonged to a religion without priests, because priests are the greatest scourges of mankind. "Is it not so?"

As the ladies did not reply, he turned to me and said, —

"I see, the navigation is difficult."

At last, one of the ladies took courage, and said, —

"General, don't you believe in God, and in a future life?"

"I like to imagine," he answered, "a superior intelligence which regulates the universe in its movements, and in its laws, and that my intelligence is a particle of the same as that of every human being, and that all return to the great origin after death; and this belief raises man to a high sense of his dignity, whereas the priests and their paradise and their hell debase mankind. Do you know your God? Have you seen him? To whom has he revealed himself?"

Miss M. No one can discuss a faith!

Miss N. The Bible is a revealed book, and traces of the Deluge are still extant.

Garibaldi. How can you expect me to believe that in those days Noah built a boat large enough to hold his own family and all the species of animals besides? That is absurd!

Miss N. With God nothing is impossible.

"I beg your pardon," said the general,

"for having led you on to this discussion, where we shall never agree. The only persons who have revealed anything to the world are men of genius; the priests have brought nothing but evil!"

"But there have been good priests."

"Very rarely. Ugo Bassi was a good priest, and now and then I have met with others, but in general they are baneful, owing to the doctrines they profess — and I speak of priests of all religions."

The English ladies seemed rather inclined than not to continue the conversation.

"All the wars, for instance, in Spain and many elsewhere," I observed, "have been brought about by the priests."

"Bravo! that is true," said Garibaldi; and the conversation turned on war in general, until Manlio and Clelia, also dressed sailor fashion, returned, and their boisterous glee and their father's delight in their fun put an end to all conversation. The ladies left, and I returned to the Tiber schemes.

"We shall do nothing," he said, impatiently; "let us come to our own affairs. From the camp of the insurgents (the Herzegovina) I have been requested to send them a chief of the staff, and I took the liberty of promising that you would go."

I looked at the general stupefied. I had not joined him in the French campaign, not feeling general knight-errantry to be my mission — and certainly had now no intention of joining the insurgents.

"The Turk in Europe," he went on, "is a disgrace to civilization, but in order to be rid of him, all the nationalities in the Greek and Slavonic provinces must rise. It would be difficult for the Slavs to found a republic, but they might form a confederation of states. What do you say?"

"That I am grateful for the honor you have offered me; but do not feel myself equal to the mission."

Accustomed to absolute obedience on the part of his friends and subordinates, Garibaldi looked at me as one who had not heard aright, but only said in his quiet fashion, —

"You can take time to decide. I do not know what part Italy will take in the Eastern question. If she chose, before Austria could appear on the field, she might, from the ports of Ancona and Brindisi, send an army to the rescue. The insurgents entreat me to go to their aid, but I am, as you see, no longer able to march across country at the head of

insurgent bands. If I am to command an army, it must henceforth be from behind the horses!"

Once more I tried to bring him back to the Tiber question.

"*Che Tevere! che Tevere!*" he said impatiently. "They have befooled me; they will do nothing. The president of the Council and the minister of public works name commissions, these name sub-commissions, and so we go on from day to day, and the works are sent to the Greek Kalends. If they would only begin to fill up the marshes of Ostia and Maccarese, that would do much to purify the air. My idea would be to see the Tiber deviated from its present course, carried round Rome, re-entering its bed below San Paolo fuori i Muri; another canal passing directly through Rome and running parallel to the sea. The deposits brought down would fill up the marshes, and thus the city would be saved from inundations, and the neighborhood between Rome and the sea rendered fertile and salubrious. But these are dreams that we shall never see realized."

I could not help reflecting that they had been dreams ever since the earliest days of Rome, and that Father Tiber had outwitted and defied popes and emperors, the heads of the republic and the minions of despotism; and I quite agreed with the general that little or nothing was to be expected from the ministry in the present state, especially, of national finance.

In the May of the same year I accompanied Garibaldi to Viterbo. At Orte we left the train for carriages, and went through districts that seemed deserts—not a village to be seen, nor even a farmhouse; yet Garibaldi's presence was known, and crowds of herdsmen and peasants, children and women, cheered him as he passed. They were a wild-looking set, clad in goat and sheep skins; but the women held the children aloft to get a sight of the general, as they would have lifted them to kiss the images of the Madonna by the roadside. It was a sort of triumphal march, and from the balcony of the communal palace of Viterbo, Garibaldi took for his theme the community of interest and affection that ought to reign between the army and the people. "The soldiers come from the people, and the time will come when they will serve the cause of the people and no longer that of tyrants. The Italian soldiers and people together conquered the tyrants."

This speech was much applauded, especially by the soldiers present among the spectators, and even the royal carabinieri cheered. As the Liberals had just come to power, there were also cries of "*Viva la Sinistra!*"

"I like that cry," said Garibaldi. "I hope my friends will govern better than their predecessors; but we must wait and see before we praise them. We want facts, we are all tired of promises."

After a long sojourn at Caprera, Garibaldi returned to Rome on the 4th of April, 1879.

We had not been warned that he was suffering severely from one of his rheumatic attacks, so that on finding him stretched and apparently motionless in the waiting-room of the station we received a shock never to be forgotten. His voice alone rang clear and clarion-like as he recognized us, and alluding to a biography of him which I had just published in Italian, he thanked me, and spoke very cordially of his satisfaction. Then, as some one kissed him on the forehead from behind, he said, "*Che diavolo!* Who is it that takes me in the rear?" Then recognizing old Ripari, his volunteer surgeon both in 1860 and 1849, he welcomed him, and then directed us to have him carried to his carriage by a private door. He was suffering intensely, and could not bear the noisy welcome of the crowd, and, to say the truth, those who caught sight of him returned in silence, and many in tears, from the heart-rending spectacle.

I spent much time with him every day during his sojourn in Rome, where he soon rallied from his attack, and busied himself to summon all the leaders and chief men of the Democratic party to unite in some given work on which they could be all agreed. This agreement was found in the question of universal suffrage, and it may be said that all the survivors of the old revolutionary battles, from Sicily as from Turin, answered to the roll-call. The government was much alarmed, but so far from there being any cause, this act of Garibaldi's, giving the Democrats a feasible object to work for, enabling them to keep strictly within legal means, was sufficient to stem the torrent of useless demonstrations, of flag-bearings, and noisy appeals to the worst passions of the multitude.

One day old Avezzana, who began his political life in 1821, when he was condemned to death as a *carbonaro*, visited him. "Ah!" said the general, in a real

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voice of vexation, "I do envy you, for you can still mount on horseback."

The Democratic Congress was held in Rome, and went off satisfactorily. The general's object, however, in coming to Rome was to obtain the divorce from Signora Raimondi, married and rejected on the same day in 1859, and to marry the mother of Clelia and Manlio. The children, two handsome young savages, were constantly with him, Manlio evidently the apple of his eye, and as turbulent and disobedient a young imp as ever fell to my lot to see. But his noise and restlessness never seemed to disturb his father, whose eyes and voice caressed him even in reproof. After a short sojourn in Rome, he went to a beautiful villa near Albano, where, going with a Roman friend, we were warmly welcomed. He was looking well in comparison with when he left Rome, and was in fact free from pain, which was all that he could hope for henceforward, feet and hands being hopelessly crippled. We talked long over olden times, but his thoughts reverted constantly to Greece, and the abandonment by Europe of the Greeks. "There is yet *our* war," he said, "against Austria, to take from her Trent and Trieste, which are our own. If we are silent for the nonce, it is not that we have at all abandoned the idea. If the war be possible in our time, you will have to carry me into the field." "That I will do," said the friend who accompanied me, and, glancing at his herculean frame, Garibaldi seemed satisfied, until I said, "No, no, general! the next time you must command the fleet, and in twenty-four hours we shall be in the port of Trieste." "Ah, if that could be! if that could be!" he said.

From Albano Garibaldi went to Civita Vecchia, more to gratify the wish of the children for sea-bathing, than because he hoped for any benefit from the baths himself.

Towards the close of 1880, the working men of Milan who, indignant at the Moderates for erecting a statue to the ex-emperor of the French, had contributed their hard-earned pence to the monument "for the martyrs of Mentana," sent a deputation to Caprera to entreat the general to be present at the inaugural ceremony. The members of the deputation were themselves convinced of the almost impossibility of his compliance with their request, so utterly broken up did he appear, so sad were the accounts of his sufferings as narrated by his family and

attendants. But he answered, "I will come," and towards the end of October he landed at Genoa, where his first thought was to visit Mazzini's court at Staglieno, but the weather and a fresh attack of pain preventing, he wrote a letter to Saffi, promising to do so on his return, and adding meanwhile, *invio in ispirito il mio saluto alla salma del precursore*.

After a few days' rest at St. Damiani d'Asti, the house of the mother of his young children, to whom his divorce from *la Raimondi* had enabled him to give his name, he arrived at Milan, where the promoters of the monument announced their triple intent to commemorate the victims of the temporal power of the papacy—to protest against all foreign intervention and interference in Italian affairs—to assert the bond of union between French and Italian democracy; hence the significance of the special invitation to Blanqui, to Rochefort, as the men who had done much to efface the insolent *jamaïs* of *Rouher*.

It was a programme after Garibaldi's own heart, a fresh protest against *papal and imperial tyranny*, a fresh assertion of the "alliance of the peoples." "All Milan" clustered to the station, or lined the streets, balconies, and roofs, to bid welcome and catch a glimpse of the hero.

The "Thousand," the "Veterans," the "survivors of the revolutionary battles," the working men's societies, with their three hundred banners and bands had undertaken to keep the station and streets clear for the general's carriage. *Chet* the people took the station by storm, and even the engine (it was the Niobe) was seized on as a vantage point before it had fairly stopped.

"It is he! It is he!" was the one exultant cry, but when that *lui* pale, motionless, a shadow of his former self, was lifted from the railway carriage, a hush fell on the multitude; those who had not seen him since 1862 stood aghast with fear; even I, who had parted from him so lately, was not prepared for the ravages that disease and pain had wrought in the eighteen intervening months. The bands still played, the people shouted welcome, but a change had come over the spirit of their dream, that welcome seemed instead a last adieu. The general, with evident effort, held up two fingers and smiled his thanks upon the multitude, but a tear coursed down his pallid cheeks as he said, "Milan always Milan!"

"The Milan of the people, my gen-

eral," said Carlo Antongini, one of his veterans.

"Yes, and that is why it is so grand."

Then the French deputation arrived, and the air rang with cries of "Viva France! Viva the French republic! Viva Blanqui and Rochefort!" the former, a bowed, bent, white-haired veteran, thirty years of whose span of life had been spent in prison for his faith, formed a striking contrast to the latter, a hale and vigorous man, with a thicket of tawny, tangled hair surrounding his vivacious countenance. He seemed much impressed by the sight of Garibaldi, and presenting him with a magnificent album containing letters, signatures, poems, and addresses, he said: "The representatives of the people, and the representatives of the powers that be, who throng to see you, are the living proofs of your universal popularity."

Garibaldi's welcome to each of us, his old officers of Mentana, was heartfelt. "I cannot embrace you, my arms are infirm; give me a kiss instead."

At the moment of the unveiling of the monument Garibaldi's carriage, from which the horses had been detached, was wheeled on to the platform; he was looking less fatigued, and smiled as he saw the old familiar faces — Fabrizi, Bertani, Missori, Bezzi, and others—who had been with him on the day of the *miracles des chapeôts*, the 3rd November, 1867.

The speech, which he had written himself for the occasion, was read by his son-in-law, Canzio. He alluded to Legnago and the five days of Milan: "The alliance between the Moderates and the priests against universal suffrage, which they know will prove a purifying wave over the soil of Italy, the inexorable judge of their iniquities. He who gives his blood and sweat for Italy has a better right to a vote than the few well-to-do ones (*abbiente*) who have hitherto monopolized that sovereignty which is only legitimate when exercised for the welfare and benefit of all, instead of for the interests of a single class."

The day after the ceremony Garibaldi quitted Milan. On the 7th November, 1880, I listened for the last time to the vibrating music of his voice, and looked my last on his beautiful, beloved face.

Several letters I received later referring to our agitation for universal suffrage, and when in August, 1881, we were holding our great meeting for the abolition of the laws on papal guarantees came his characteristic telegram, —

Voto l'abolizione delle garanzie e del garantito.

I vote the abolition of the guarantees and of the guaranteed (the pope).

The closing scenes of his noble life have been too minutely described, and are too fresh in the recollection of all readers to need any description here.

ALBERTO MARIO.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GONERIL.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO OLD LADIES.

ON one of the pleasant hills round Florence, a little beyond Camerata, there stands a house so small that an Englishman would probably take it for a lodge of the great villa behind, whose garden trees at sunset cast their shadow over the cottage and its terrace on to the steep white road. But any of the country people could tell him that this, too, is a *casa signorile*, spite of its smallness. It stands somewhat high above the road, a square, white house with a projecting roof, and with four green-shuttered windows overlooking the gay but narrow terrace. The beds under the windows would have fulfilled the fancy of that French poet who desired that in his garden one might, in gathering a nosegay, cull a salad, for they boasted little else than sweet basil, small and white, and some tall grey rosemary bushes. Nearer to the door an unusually large oleander faced a strong and sturdy magnolia-tree, and these, with their profusion of red and white sweetness, made amends for the dearth of garden flowers. At either end of the terrace flourished a thicket of gum-cistus, syringa, stephanotis, and geranium bushes, and the wall itself, dropping sheer down to the road, was bordered with the customary Florentine hedge of China roses and irises, now out of bloom. Great terra-cotta flower-pots, covered with devices, were placed at intervals along the wall; as it was summer, the oranges and lemons, full of wonderfully sweet white blossoms and young green fruit, were set there in the sun to ripen.

It was the 17th of June. Although it was after four o'clock, the olives on the steep hill that went down to Florence looked blindingly white, shadeless, and sharp. The air trembled round the bright

green cypresses behind the house. The roof steamed. All the windows were shut, all the jealousies shut, yet it was so hot that no one could stir within. The maid slept in the kitchen; the two elderly mistresses of the house dozed upon their beds. Not a movement; not a sound.

Gradually, along the steep road from Camerata there came a roll of distant carriage-wheels. The sound came nearer and nearer, till one could see the carriage, and see the driver leading the tired, thin cab-horse, his bones starting under the shaggy hide. Inside the carriage reclined a handsome middle-aged lady, with a stern profile turned towards the road; a young girl in pale pink cotton and a broad hat trudged up the hill at the side.

"Goneril," said Miss Hamelyn, "let me beg you again to come inside the carriage."

"Oh no, Aunt Margaret; I'm not a bit tired."

"But I have asked you; that is reason enough."

"It's so hot!" cried Goneril.

"That is why I object to your walking."

"But if it's so hot for me, just think how hot it must be for the horse."

Goneril cast a commiserating glance at the poor halting, wheezing nag.

"The horse, probably," rejoined Miss Hamelyn, "does not suffer from malaria, neither has he kept his aunt in Florence nursing him till the middle heat of the summer."

"True!" said Goneril. Then, after a few minutes, "I'll get in, Aunt Margaret, on one condition."

"In my time young people did not make conditions."

"Very well, auntie; I'll get in, and you shall answer all my questions when you feel inclined."

The carriage stopped. The poor horse panted at his ease, while the girl seated herself beside Miss Hamelyn. Then for a few minutes they drove on in silence past the orchards, past the olive-yards, yellow underneath with ripening corn; past the sudden wide views of the mountains, faintly crimson in the mist of heat, and, on the other side, of Florence, the towers and domes steaming beside the hazy river.

"How hot it looks down there!" cried Goneril.

"How hot it *feels*!" echoed Miss Hamelyn rather grimly.

"Yes, I am so glad you can get away at last, dear, poor old auntie." Then, a little later, "Won't you tell me something

about the old ladies with whom you are going to leave me?"

Miss Hamelyn was mollified by Goneril's obedience.

"They are very nice old ladies," she said; "I met them at Mrs. Gorthrup's." But this was not at all what the young girl wanted.

"Only think, Aunt Margaret," she cried impatiently, "I am to stay there for at least six weeks, and I know nothing about them, not what age they are, nor if they are tall or short, jolly or prim, pretty or ugly; not even if they speak English!"

"They speak English," said Miss Hamelyn, beginning at the end. "One of them is English, or at least Irish: Miss Prunty."

"And the other?"

"She is an Italian, Signora Petrucci; she used to be very handsome."

"Oh," said Goneril, looking pleased. "I'm glad she's handsome, and that they speak English. But they are not relations?"

"No, they are not connected; they are friends."

"And have they always lived together?"

"Ever since Madame Lilli died," and Miss Hamelyn named a very celebrated singer.

"Why?" cried Goneril, quite excited; "were they singers too?"

"Madame Petrucci; nevertheless a lady of the highest respectability. Miss Prunty was Madame Lilli's secretary."

"How nice!" cried the young girl, "how interesting! Oh, auntie, I'm so glad you found them out."

"So am I, child; but please remember it is not an ordinary pension. They only take you, Goneril, till you are strong enough to travel, as an especial favor to me and to their old friend, Mrs. Gorthrup."

"I'll remember, auntie."

By this time they were driving under the terrace in front of the little house.

"Goneril," said the elder lady, "I shall leave you outside; you can play in the garden or the orchard."

"Very well."

Miss Hamelyn left the carriage and ascended the steep little flight of steps that leads from the road to the cottage garden.

In the porch a singular figure was awaiting her.

"Good afternoon, Madame Petrucci," said Miss Hamelyn.

A slender old lady, over sixty, rather tall, in a brown silk skirt, and a white burnouse that showed the shrunken slim-

ness of her arms, came eagerly forward. She was still rather pretty, with small refined features, large expressionless blue eyes, and long whitish-yellow ringlets down her cheeks, in the fashion of forty years ago.

"Oh, dear Miss Hamelyn," she cried, "how glad I am to see you! And have you brought your *charming* young relation?"

She spoke with a languid foreign accent, and with an emphatic and bountiful use of adjectives, that gave to our severer generation an impression of insincerity. Yet it was said with truth that Giulia Petrucci had never forgotten a friend nor an enemy.

"Goneril is outside," said Miss Hamelyn. "How is Miss Prunty?"

"Brigida? Oh, you must come inside and see my invaluable Brigida. She is as usual fatiguing herself with our accounts." The old lady led the way into the darkened parlor. It was small and rather stiff. As one's eyes became accustomed to the dim green light one noticed the incongruity of the furniture; the horsehair chairs and sofa, and large accountant's desk with ledgers; the large Pleyel grand piano, a bookcase, in which all the books were rare copies or priceless MSS. of old-fashioned operas; hanging against the wall an inlaid guitar and some faded laurel crowns; moreover, a fine engraving of a composer, twenty years ago the most popular man in Italy; lastly, an oil-color portrait, by Winterman, of a fascinating blonde, with very bare white shoulders, holding in her hands a scroll, on which were inscribed some notes of music, under the title Giulia Petrucci. In short, the private parlor of an elderly and respectable *diva* of the year '40.

"Brigida!" cried Madame Petrucci, going to the door. "Brigida! our charming English friend is arrived!"

"All right!" answered a strong, hearty voice from up-stairs. "I'm coming."

"You must excuse me, dear Miss Hamelyn," went on Madame Petrucci. "You must excuse me for shouting in your presence, but we have only one little servant, and during this suffocating weather I find that any movement reminds me of approaching age." The old lady smiled, as if that time were still far ahead.

"I am sure you ought to take care of yourself," said Miss Hamelyn. "I hope you will not allow Goneril to fatigue you."

"Gonerilla! What a pretty name! Charming! I suppose it is in your family?" asked the old lady.

Miss Hamelyn blushed a little, for her niece's name was a sore point with her.

"It's an awful name for any Christian woman," said a deep voice at the door. "And pray who's called Goneril?"

Miss Prunty came forward; a short, thick-set woman of fifty, with fine dark eyes, and, even in a Florentine summer, with something stiff and masculine in the fashion of her dress.

"And have you brought your niece?" she said, as she turned to Miss Hamelyn.

"Yes, she is in the garden."

"Well; I hope she understands that she'll have to rough it here."

"Goneril is a very simple girl," said Miss Hamelyn.

"So it's she that's called Goneril?"

"Yes," said the aunt, making an effort.

"Of course I am aware of the strangeness of the name, but—but in fact my brother was devotedly attached to his wife, who died at Goneril's birth."

"Whew!" whistled Miss Prunty. "The parson must have been a fool who christened her!"

"He did, in fact, refuse; but my brother would have no baptism saving with that name, which, unfortunately, it is impossible to shorten."

"I think it is a charming name!" said Madame Petrucci, coming to the rescue. "Gonerilla: it dies on one's lips like music! And if you do not like it, Brigida, what's in a name? as your charming Byron said."

"I hope we shall make her happy," said Miss Prunty.

"Of course we shall!" cried the elder lady.

"Goneril is easily made happy," asserted Miss Hamelyn.

"That's a good thing," snapped Miss Prunty; "for there's not much here to make her so!"

"Oh, Brigida! I am sure there are many attractions. The air! the view! the historic association! and, more than all, you know there is always a chance of the signorino!"

"Of whom?" said Miss Hamelyn, rather anxiously.

"Of him!" cried Madame Petrucci, pointing to the engraving opposite. "He lives, of course, in the capital; but he rents the villa behind our house—the Medici Villa; and when he is tired of Rome he runs down here for a week or so; and so your Gonerilla may have the benefit of *his* society!"

"Very nice, I'm sure!" said Miss

Hamelyn, greatly relieved; for she knew that Signor Graziano must be fifty.

"We have known him," went on the old lady, "very nearly thirty years. He used to largely frequent the *salon* of our dear, our cherished Madame Lilli."

The tears came into the old lady's eyes. No doubt those days seemed near and dear to her; she did not see the dust on those faded triumphs.

"That's all stale news!" cried Miss Prunty, jumping up. "And Gon'ril (since I'll have to call her so) must be tired of waiting in the garden."

They walked out on to the terrace. The girl was not there; but by the gate into the olive-yard, where there was a lean-to shed for tools, they found her sitting on a cask, whittling a piece of wood and talking to a curly-headed little *contadino*.

Hearing steps, Goneril turned round. "He was asleep," she said. "Fancy, in such beautiful weather!"

Then, remembering that two of the ladies were still strangers, she made an old-fashioned little curtsy.

"I hope you won't find me a trouble, ladies," she said.

"She is charming!" said Madame Petrucci, throwing up her hands.

Goneril blushed; her hat had slipped back and showed her short brown curls of hair, strong, regular features, and flexible scarlet mouth, laughing upwards like a faun's. She had sweet dark eyes, a little too small and narrow.

"I mean to be very happy," she exclaimed.

"Always mean that, my dear," said Miss Prunty.

"And now, since Gonerilla is no longer a stranger," added Madame Petrucci, "we will leave her to the rustic society of Angiolino, while we show Miss Hamelyn our orangery."

"And conclude our business!" said Bridget Prunty.

CHAPTER II.

THE SIGNORINO.

ONE day when Goneril, much browner and rosier for a week among the mountains, came in to lunch at noon, she found no signs of that usually regular repast. The little maid was on her knees, polishing the floor; Miss Prunty was scolding, dusting, ordering dinner, arranging vases, all at once; strangest of all, Madame Petrucci had taken the oil-cloth cover from her grand piano, and, seated before it, was practising her sweet and faded notes,

unheeded of the surrounding din and business.

"What's the matter?" cried Goneril.

"We expect the signorino," said Miss Prunty.

"And is he going to stay here?"

"Don't be a fool!" snapped that lady; and then she added, "Go into the kitchen and get some of the pasty, and some bread and cheese, there's a good girl."

"All right!" said Goneril.

Madame Petrucci stopped her vocalizing. "You shall have all the better a dinner to compensate you, my Gonerilla!" She smiled sweetly, and then again became Zerlina.

Goneril cut her lunch, and took it out of doors to share with her companion, Angiolino. He was harvesting the first corn under the olives, but at noon it was too hot to work. Sitting still there was, however, a cool breeze that gently stirred the sharp-edged olive-leaves.

Angiolino lay down at full length and munched his bread and cheese in perfect happiness. Goneril kept shifting about to get herself into the narrow shadow cast by the split and writhen trunk.

"How aggravating it is!" she cried.

"In England, where there's no sun, there's plenty of shade—and here, where the sun is like a mustard plaster on one's back, the leaves are all set edgewise on purpose that they sha'n't cast any shadow!"

Angiolino made no answer to this intelligent remark.

"He is going to sleep again!" cried Goneril, stopping her lunch in despair. "He is going to sleep, and there are no end of things I want to know. Angiolino!"

"Sissignora," murmured the boy.

"Tell me about Signor Graziano."

"He is our padrone; he is never here."

"But he is coming to-day. Wake up, wake up, Angiolino. I tell you he is on the way!"

"Between life and death there are so many combinations," drawled the boy, with Tuscan incredulity and sententiousness.

"Ah!" cried the girl, with a little shiver of impatience. "Is he young?"

"Chè!"

"Is he old, then?"

"Neppure!"

"What is he like? He must be *something*."

"He's our padrone," repeated Angiolino, in whose imagination Signor Graziano could occupy no other place.

"How stupid you are!" exclaimed the young English girl.

"Maybe," said Angiolino stolidly.

"Is he a good padrone? do you like him?"

"Rather!" The boy smiled, and raised himself on one elbow; his eyes twinkled with good-humored malice.

"My Babbo has much better wine than *quel signore*," he said.

"But that is wrong!" cried Goneril, quite shocked.

"Who knows?"

After this, conversation flagged. Goneril tried to imagine what a great musician could be like: long hair, of course; her imagination did not get much beyond the hair. He would, of course, be much older now than his portrait. Then she watched Angiolino cutting the corn, and learned how to tie the swathes together. She was occupied in this useful employment when the noise of wheels made them both stop and look over the wall.

"Here's the padrone!" cried the boy.

"Oh, he is old!" said Goneril; "he is old and brown, like a coffee-bean."

"To be old and good is better than youth with malice," suggested Angiolino, by way of consolation.

"I suppose so," acquiesced Goneril.

Nevertheless she went into dinner a little disappointed.

The signorino was not in the house; he had gone up to the villa. But he had sent a message that later in the evening he intended to pay his respects to his old friends. Madame Petrucci was beautifully dressed in soft black silk, old lace, and a white Indian shawl. Miss Prunty had on her starchiest collar and most formal tie. Goneril saw it was necessary that she, likewise, should deck herself in her best. She was much too young and impressionable not to be influenced by the flutter of excitement and interest which filled the whole of the little cottage. Goneril, too, was excited and anxious, although Signor Graziano had seemed so old and like a coffee-bean. She made no progress in the piece of embroidery she was working as a present for the two old ladies; jumping up and down to look out of the window. When, about eight o'clock, the door-bell rang, Goneril blushed, Madame Petrucci gave a pretty little shriek, Miss Prunty jumped up and rang for the coffee. A moment afterwards the signorino entered. While he was greeting her hostesses, Goneril cast a rapid glance at him. He was tall for an Italian; rather bent and rather gray; fifty at least, there-

fore very old. He certainly was brown, but his features were fine and good, and he had a distinguished and benevolent air that somehow made her think of an abbé, a French abbé of the last century. She could quite imagine him saying, "Enfant de St. Louis, montez au ciel!"

Thus far had she got in her meditations, when she felt herself addressed in clear, half-mocking tones,—

"And how, this evening, is Madamigella Ruth?"

So he had seen her this evening, binding his corn.

"I am quite well, padrone," she said, smiling shyly.

The two old ladies looked on amazed, for of course they were not in the secret.

"Signor Graziano, Miss Goneril Hamelyn," said Miss Prunty, rather severely.

Goneril felt that the time was come for silence and good manners. She sat quite quiet over her embroidery, listening to the talk of Sontag, of Clementi, of musicians and singers dead and gone. She noticed that the ladies treated Signor Graziano with the utmost reverence; even the positive Miss Prunty furling her opinions in deference to his gayest hint. They talked, too, of Madame Lilli; and always as if she were still young and fair, as if she had died yesterday, leaving the echo of her triumph loud behind her. And yet all this had happened years before Goneril had ever seen the light.

"Mees Goneril is feeling very young!" said the signorino, suddenly turning his sharp, kind eyes upon her.

"Yes," said Goneril, all confusion.

Madame Petrucci looked almost annoyed; the gay, serene little lady that nothing ever annoyed.

"It is she that is young!" she cried, in answer to an unspoken thought. "She is a baby!"

"Oh, I am seventeen!" said Goneril.

They all laughed, and seemed at ease again.

"Yes, yes; she is very young," said the signorino.

But a little shadow had fallen across their placid entertainment. The spirit had left their memories; they seemed to have grown shapeless, dusty, as the fresh and comely faces of dead Etruscan kings crumble into mould at the touch of the pitiless sunshine.

"Signorino," said Madame Petrucci presently, "if you will accompany me, we will perform one of your charming melodies."

Signor Graziano rose, a little stiffly,

and led the pretty, withered little diva to the piano.

Goneril looked on, wondering, admiring. The signorino's thin white hands made a delicate, fluent melody, reminding her of running water under the rippled shade of trees, and, like a high, sweet bird, the thin, penetrating notes of the singer rose, swelled, and died away, admirably true and just, even in this latter weakness. At the end, Signor Graziano stopped his playing to give time for an elaborate cadenza. Suddenly Madame Petrucci gasped, a sharp, discordant sound cracked the delicate finish of her singing. She put her handkerchief to her mouth.

"Bah!" she said, "this evening I am abominably husky."

The tears rose to Goneril's eyes. Was it so hard to grow old? This doubt made her voice loudest of all in the chorus of mutual praise and thanks which covered the song's abrupt finale.

And then there came a terrible ordeal. Miss Prunty, anxious to divert the current of her friend's ideas, had suggested that the girl should sing. Signor Graziano and madame insisted; they would take no refusal.

"Sing, sing, little bird!" cried the old lady.

"But, madame, how can one — after you?"

The homage in the young girl's voice made the little diva more good-humoredly insistent than before, and Goneril was too well-bred to make a fuss. She stood by the piano wondering which to choose, the Handels that she always drawled, or the Pinsuti that she always galloped. Suddenly she came by an inspiration.

"Madame," she pleaded, "may I sing one of Angiolino's songs?"

"Whatever you like, cara mia."

And standing by the piano, her arms hanging loose, she began a chant such as the peasants use working under the olives. Her voice was small and deep, with a peculiar thick sweetness that suited the song, half-humorous, half-pathetic. These were the words she sang: —

Vorrei morir di morte piccina,
Morta la sera e viva la mattina.
Vorrei morire, e non vorrei morire,
Vorrei veder chi mi piange e chi ride;
Vorrei morir, e star sulle finestre,
Vorrei veder chi mi cuce la veste;
Vorrei morir, e stare sulla scala,
Vorrei veder chi mi porta la bara:
Vorrei morir, e vorrei alzar la voce,
Vorrei veder chi mi porta la croce.

"Very well chosen, my dear," said Miss Prunty, when the song was finished.

"And very well sung, my Gonerilla!" cried the old lady.

But the signorino went up to the piano and shook hands with her.

"Little Mees Goneril," he said, "you have the makings of an artist."

The two old ladies stared, for after all Goneril's performance had been very simple. You see, they were better versed in music than in human nature.

CHAPTER III.

SI VIEILLESE POUVAIT!

SIGNOR GRAZIANO'S usual week of holiday passed and lengthened into almost two months, and still he stayed on at the villa. The two old ladies were highly delighted.

"At last he has taken my advice!" cried Miss Prunty. "I always told him those premature grey hairs came from late hours and Roman air."

Madame Petrucci shook her head and gave a meaning smile. Her friendship with the signorino had begun when he was a lad and she a charming married woman; like many another friendship, it had begun with a flirtation, and perhaps (who knows?) she thought the flirtation had revived.

As for Goneril, she considered him the most charming old man she had ever known, and liked nothing so much as to go out a walk with him. That, indeed, was one of the signorino's pleasures; he loved to take the young girl all over his gardens and vineyards, talking to her in the amiable, half-petting, half-mocking manner that he had adopted from the first. And twice a week he gave her a music lesson.

"She has a splendid organ!" he would say.

"Vous croyez?" fluted Madame Petrucci with the vilest accent and the most aggravating smile imaginable.

It was the one hobby of the signorino's that she regarded with disrespect.

Goneril, too, was a little bored by the music lesson; but, on the other hand, the walks delighted her.

One day Goneril was out with her friend.

"Are the peasants very much afraid of you, signore?" she asked.

"Am I such a tyrant?" counter-quested the signorino.

"No; but they are always begging me to ask you things. Angiolino wants to

know if he may go for three days to see his uncle at Fiesole."

"Of course."

"But why, then, don't they ask you themselves? Is it they think me so cheeky?"

"Perhaps they think I can refuse you nothing."

"Chè! In that case they would ask Madame Petrucci."

Goneril ran on to pick some China roses. The signorino stopped confounded.

"It is impossible!" he cried; "she cannot think I am in love with Giulia! She cannot think I am so old as that!"

The idea seemed horrible to him. He walked on very quickly till he came up to Goneril, who was busy plucking roses in a hedge.

"For whom are those flowers?" he asked.

"Some are for you, and some are for Madame Petrucci."

"She is a charming woman, Madame Petrucci."

"A dear old lady," murmured Goneril, much more interested in her posy.

"Old do you call her?" said the signorino rather anxiously. "I should scarcely call her that, though of course she is a good deal older than either of us."

"Either of us!" Goneril looked up astounded. Could the signorino have suddenly gone mad?

He blushed a little under his brown skin, that had reminded her of a coffee-bean.

"She is a good ten years older than I am," he explained.

"Ah well, ten years isn't much."

"You don't think so?" he cried delighted. Who knows, she might not think even thirty too much.

"Not at that age," said Goneril blandly. Signor Graziano could think of no reply.

But from that day one might have dated a certain assumption of youthfulness in his manners. At cards it was always the signorino and Goneril against the two elder ladies; in his conversation, too, it was to the young girl that he constantly appealed, as if she were his natural companion — she, and not his friends of thirty years. Madame Petrucci, always serene and kind, took no notice of these little changes, but they were particularly irritating to Miss Prunty, who was, after all, only four years older than the signorino.

That lady had, indeed, become more than usually sharp and foreboding. She

received the signorino's gay effusions in ominous silence, and would frown darkly while Madame Petrucci petted her "little bird," as she called Goneril. Once indeed Miss Prunty was heard to remark that it was tempting Providence to have dealings with a creature whose very name was a synonym for ingratitude. But the elder lady only smiled, and declared that her Gonerilla was charming, delicious, a real sunshine in the house.

"Now, I call on you to support me, signorino," she cried one evening, when the three elders sat together in the room while Goneril watered the roses on the terrace. "Is not my Gonerilla a charming little *bébé*?"

Signor Graziano withdrew his eyes from the window.

"Most charming, certainly; but scarcely such a child. She is seventeen, you know, my dear signora."

"Seventeen! Santo Dio! And what is one at seventeen but an innocent, playful, charming little kitten?"

"You are always right, madame," agreed the signorino; but he looked as if he thought she were very wrong.

"Of course I am right," laughed the little lady. "Come here, my Gonerilla, and hold my skein for me. Signor Graziano is going to charm us with one of his delightful airs."

"I hoped she would sing," faltered the signorino.

"Who? Gonerilla? Nonsense, my friend. She winds silk much better than she sings."

Goneril laughed. She was not at all offended. But Signor Graziano made several mistakes in his playing. At last he left the piano. "I cannot play to-night," he cried. "I am not in the humor. Goneril, will you come and walk with me on the terrace?"

Before the girl could reply Miss Prunty had darted an angry glance at Signor Graziano.

"Good Lord, what fools men are!" she ejaculated. "And do you think, now, I'm going to let that girl, who's but just getting rid of her malaria, go star-gazing with any old idiot while all the mists are curling out of the valleys?"

"Brigida, my love, you forget yourself," said Madame Petrucci.

"Bah!" cried the signorino. He was evidently out of temper.

The little lady hastened to smooth the troubled waters. "Talking of malaria," she began in her serenest manner, "I always remember what my dearest Ma-

dame Lilli told me. It was at one of Prince Teano's concerts. You remember, signorino?"

"Chè! How should I remember?" he exclaimed. "It is a lifetime ago, dead and forgotten."

The old lady shrank, as if a glass of water had been rudely thrown in her face. She said nothing, staring blindly.

"Go to bed, Goneril!" cried Miss Prunty in a voice of thunder.

CHAPTER IV.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

A FEW mornings after these events the postman brought a letter for Goneril. This was such a rare occurrence that she blushed rose red at the very sight of it, and had to walk up and down the terrace several times before she felt calm enough to read it. Then she went up-stairs and knocked at the door of Madame Petrucchi's room.

"Come in, little bird."

The old lady, in pink merino and curl-papers, opened the door. Goneril held up her letter.

"My cousin Jack is coming to Florence, and he is going to walk over to see me this afternoon. And may he stay to dinner, cara signora?"

"Why, of course, Gonerilla. I am charmed!"

Goneril kissed the old lady, and danced down-stairs brimming over with delight.

Later in the morning Signor Graziano called.

"Will you come out with me, Mees Goneril?" he said; "on my land the earliest vintage begins to-day."

"Oh, how nice!" she cried.

"Come, then," said the signorino, smiling.

"Oh, I can't come to-day, because of Jack."

"Jack?"

"My cousin: he may come any time."

"Your cousin!" the signorino frowned a little. "Ah, you English," he said, "you consider all your cousins brothers and sisters!"

Goneril laughed.

"Is it not so?" he asked a little anxiously.

"Jack is much nicer than my brothers," said the young girl.

"And who is he, this Jack?"

"He's a dear boy," said Goneril, "and very clever; he is going home for the Indian Civil Service Exam.; he has been out to Calcutta to see my father."

The signorino did not pay any attention to the latter part of this description, but he appeared to find the beginning very satisfactory.

"So he is only a boy," he muttered to himself, and went away comparatively satisfied.

Goneril spent most of the day watching the road from Florence. She might not walk on the highway, but a steep short cut that joined the main road at the bottom of the hill was quite at her disposal. She walked up and down for more than an hour. At last she saw some one on the Florence road. She walked on quickly. It was the telegraph-boy.

She tore open the envelope and read: "Venice. — Exam. on Wednesday. Start at once. *A rivederci.*"

It was with very red eyes that Goneril went in to dinner.

"So the cousin hasn't come," said Miss Prunty kindly.

"No; he had to go home at once for his examination."

"I dare say he'll come over again soon, my dear," said that discriminating lady. She had quite taken Goneril back into her good graces.

They all sat together in the little parlor after dinner. At eight o'clock the door-bell rang. It was now seven weeks since Goneril had blushed with excitement when first she heard that ring; and now she did not blush.

The signorino entered. He walked very straight, and his lips were set. He came in with the air of one prepared to encounter opposition.

"Mees Goneril," he said, "will you come out on the terrace? — before it is too late," he added, with a savage glance at Miss Prunty.

"Yes," said Goneril; and they went out together.

"So the cousin did not come?" said the signorino.

"No."

They went on a little way in silence together. The night was moonlit and clear; not a wind stirred the leaves; the sky was like a sapphire, containing but not shedding light. The late oleanders smelt very sweet; the moon was so full that one could distinguish the peculiar greyish-pink of the blossoms.

"It is a lovely night!" said Goneril.

"And a lovely place."

"Yes."

Then a bird sang.

"You have been here just eight weeks," said the signorino.

"I have been very happy."

He did not speak for a minute or two, and then he said, —

"Would you like to live here always?"

"Ah yes! But that is impossible."

He took her hand and turned her gently so that her face was in the light.

"Dear Mees Goneril, why is it impossible?"

For a moment the young girl did not answer. She blushed very red and looked brave.

"Because of Jack!" she said.

"Ah!"

"Nothing is settled," added the young girl, "but it is no use pretending not to know!"

"It is no use," he repeated very sadly.

And then for a little while they listened to the bird.

"Mees Goneril," said the signorino at last, "do you know why I brought you out here?"

"Not at all," she answered.

It was a minute before he spoke again.

"I am going to Rome to-morrow," he said, "and I wanted to bid you good-bye. You will sing to me to-night, as it will be the last time?"

"Oh, I hope not the last time!"

"Yes, yes," he said a little testily; "unless — and I pray it may not be so — unless you ever need the help of an old friend."

"Dear Signor Graziano!"

"And now you will sing me my 'Nobil Amore'?"

"I will do anything you like!"

The signorino sighed and looked at her for a minute. Then he led her into the little parlor where Madame Petrucci was singing shrilly in the twilight.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

From The Month.

THE IRISH "BROGUE" IN FICTION: A PROTEST.

He that opposes his own judgment against the current of the times, ought to be backed with an unanswerable truth; and he that has truth on his side is a fool, as well as a coward, if he is afraid to own it, because of the multitude of other men's opinions. 'Tis hard for a man to say all the world is mistaken but himself. But if it be so who can help it?

DEFOE.

I HAVE set the above quotation at the top of my page to encourage me in the task which I have undertaken. It is a task which requires courage; perhaps the candid reader will be disposed to say "something more than courage." For

though I shall produce in support of my opinions one or two doughty champions from abroad, it is in vain I would endeavor to hide from myself that the whole English writing world is against me.

My very audacious contention is that the common mode of imparting what is called "local color" to the characters of fiction by the presentation, or attempted presentation of dialect, is wrong and inartistic.

My theory applies to all dialects, but my remarks will be mainly directed to one, as to which I venture to think I have some knowledge, viz., the Irish.

Far be it from me to say a word against the Irish "brogue." It warms my heart whenever I hear it. But because of my love for it I cannot endure the Irishman of fiction.

Verily, to my thinking, the Irishman of fiction is not engaging. On the contrary it is my misfortune to find the Irish novel — be it good, bad, or indifferent — invariably a weariness to the flesh, a nausea, an abomination. Why? Because of the jargon, solely because of the jargon. The story is often well put together, the characters well drawn, the scenes exciting, pathetic, amusing, and true to nature, — but the jargon spoils everything.

Should we then dispense altogether with "local color"? By no means, let us have as much "local color" as it may lie within the skill of the literary artist — if he be an artist — to convey. Let no ban be laid upon local idioms or local terms of expression. Let each Irish peasant speak in the novel, as in real life he seems to himself and his fellows to speak. But let no one *spake* a *worrud* or other abomination. Let there be no misspelling. To depict truthfully the features of national character is a great feat worthy of a great writer. But any man can spell badly, and the novelist who thinks that by such means only can he impart "local color" to his fictitious portraits, must surely have either much modesty or much cause for it.

The constituents of the Irish brogue, as it is called, are three.

There is in the first place a peculiarity of intonation and emphasis, which the ear alone can perceive, and which, consequently, pending the invention of some special system of quasi-musical notation, must be altogether hopeless to attempt to represent by any combination of written characters.

Then in the second place there are some notable peculiarities of idiom — of

which not a few are in the highest degree expressive and picturesque.

Lastly there is the mis-pronunciation — in certain situations, be it observed, not always — of certain English vowels and diphthongs, and, in one or two instances, consonants.

Of the intonation we have already disposed. Let us see what is to be said about the idioms. These are in the vast majority of cases perfectly good, rather old-fashioned, English. The fact is, that if we allow for a queer pronunciation, and a few Gaelicisms, the Irish peasantry will be found, as a rule, to speak remarkably good English for uneducated people, infinitely better English than is spoken by the same class of people in this country. The reason is not far to seek. They learned it from educated people. The English that is spoken in Ireland is the language of the gentry, which has filtered down among the people, receiving doubtless in its descent not a few corruptions, but still retaining no inconsiderable share of its original purity.

There are certain scribes, indeed, who imagine that they have made a character very Irish when they have made him swear by "faith," with Colonel Esmond, or say "Sure* I told you so" with Mr. Allworthy, or address a child as "my honey" with Squire Western. By such writers I can scarcely hope to be believed. But I will ask any one who has some slight knowledge of English literature, to take down verbatim the talk of the better sort of Irish peasant, and see whether, in most of the points in which it differs from his own, it comes not a great deal nearer to the language of Fielding and Richardson.

Besides many slightly archaic English phrases and turns of expression, there are in the English talk of the Irish peasant a fair number of Gaelic† words introduced bodily. These are chiefly ejaculations, terms of endearment, the names of agricultural or domestic implements, and words used in calling, soothing, or exciting cattle or horses.

There are, moreover, not a few idioms in constant use which are literal, or nearly literal, translations from the Gaelic. For example, the Irish verb has two present tenses, whereof one, called by Irish gram-

marians "the consuetudinal present," is used to convey the idea of continued action. When, therefore, an English-speaking Irishman, in answer to the question where he lives, replies, "I am in Dublin for the cattle-show, but I *do be living* in Cork," he is merely endeavoring to express in English the force of the Irish "consuetudinal present." The expressions "he was there before me" — meaning not that he outstripped me in going thither, but that I found him there; "I am after eating" (for "I have just eaten") "my dinner;" "It was raining *and I coming* along," for "when I was coming along;" "I was speaking to him *and he smoking* his pipe" for "while he was smoking," are similar examples of translation.

This last-mentioned idiom, however, though a literal rendering of the Gaelic, and of much more frequent use in Ireland than in this country, must nevertheless be considered good English. In "The Burial of Sir John Moore," I find, —

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,

And we far away on the billow.

It would be tedious (though not uninteresting) to give a list of the Gaelicisms which are to be found in the English speech of the Irish peasantry. Let me say, however, that though they be indeed many absolutely, yet relatively they are very few. I venture to assert that at least three-fourths of the phrases and expressions which sound queer to the ear of the average nothing-but-newspaper-reading Englishman landing in Ireland, will be pronounced by any one who has some knowledge of Gaelic, and is at the same time fairly well read in English literature, to have no connection whatever with the ancient language of the country, but to be pure English undefiled by anything but, of course, a strange pronunciation.

Occasionally, indeed, it is just the other way. A phrase which at first sight looks to be of unmistakable English origin, will on investigation turn out to be derived from the Gaelic. For example, there are few expressions so common in the mouth of an Irishman as "DEAR knows," as the phrase is usually ignorantly written. In reality it is "DEER knows," and is a rendering of the Gaelic, *Ata a fhios ag fiadh*.* The knowledge is

* Originally, no doubt, the phrase was, *Ata a fhios*

* In an Irish novel, it should be observed, the word "sure" is usually spelled "súre." Are we hence to infer that *seuer* is the pronunciation favored by the more polite English?

† Always grotesquely misspelled by English and Anglo-Irish novelists, e.g., "mavoorneen" for *mo mhúirín*; "colleen" for *caíllín*.

to the deer (or stag). So much for peculiarities of idiom. Whether they be originally of English or Irish extraction, they are now all Irish to this extent that they distinguish the ordinary speech of modern Irishmen (of the uneducated class) from the ordinary speech of modern Englishmen. They may most legitimately, and with great effect, be employed by the novelist to give a national flavor to the speech of his Irish characters. Let me, however, venture to hint that the talk of even the most Irish of Irishmen is not (as some writers would seem to suppose) *all peculiarities*. By far the greater part of what he says might, with a different accent, be said by any Londoner. It is noteworthy also that the main distinction between Irish and English speech is to be sought not in the turn of words, but in the turn of thought. Till the novelist masters that turn of thought, the Irishmen whom he puts into books will not be very true to nature.

We now come to pronunciation. It is upon this that our novelists affect most to plume themselves. It is in this, according to my thinking, that they most egregiously fail. To endeavor, by means of bad spelling, to convey to the English ear an idea of Irish pronunciation is about as hopeless an enterprise as was ever undertaken. The task would be in the highest degree difficult, even if each English vowel had only one sound. But when every vowel has at least two sounds the feat becomes utterly impossible.

Let any one who questions this, and has some knowledge of things Irish, get a home-bred Englishman to read him a page out of Lever or Carleton; or better still let him go and hear one of Mr. Boucicault's Irish dramas performed by an English company in the provinces.

It was lately the good fortune of the present writer to witness one of these entertainments in the theatre of an English country town. He is prepared to testify, with all due solemnity, that he never listened to anything more amusing, or less Irish. It might in fact be described as a polyglot play. Each actor had formed his own conception of the Irish brogue, and conscientiously pronounced accordingly. One had built up his theory upon a Scotch, another upon an American basis;

a third had sought and captured his brogue on the moors of Yorkshire; a fourth, plunging down into his internal consciousness had brought up a blood-curdling brogue of his own, the creature of some morbid dream. As for the brogue of the hero Myles Na Coppaleen himself, it seemed to be the result of a fair and judicious compromise between the warwhoop of a red Indian and the bray of a jackass. Since the days of Babel, most assuredly there never was such a confusion of tongues. Yet be sure all these honest actors had studied their parts in a book in which the brogue had been written down for them with laborious minuteness, according to the received rules of Anglo-Irish cacography.

Is it then pretended that the characters in our Irish novelists—in Edgeworth, Carleton, Griffin, Lever, Lover, Banim, and Hall are not Irish? Certainly they are Irish—often very Irish—but it is not because of the bad spelling, but in spite of it.

Both to the Irish and the English reader the bad spelling is not merely useless, but worse than useless.

The Irishman knows how he is meant to pronounce, the Englishman does not know and can't be taught, but for both the bad spelling does this, it actually diverts their attention from the real merits of the book. Especially must this be true in the case of the English reader. Instead of admiring the originality of the idea, or of the phrase, he is painfully stumbling over the grotesque-looking words.

That there may indeed be a case in which bad spelling is permissible I will not deny. I will concede that it may contribute something to pure farce. One would be sorry to part with Mr. Weller's "Put it down a wee, my lord." Possibly some of the absurdity in Ferguson's "Father Tom and the Pope" may be due to the queer look of the Hibernicized Latin. Possibly the jokes of Artemus Ward become more amusing by being written "goaks." But let it be admitted that bad spelling may make an Irish character look more funny—the question remains does it make the character look more natural or more Irish?

The writings of Charles Lever alone supply an answer to the question. Lever, it should be said in passing, is a writer of far greater fame on the English than on the Irish side of St. George's Channel. It is thought in Ireland that he aimed too much at making his countrymen ridiculous. Still the most adverse criticism will

ag fiadha. Fiadha (a contraction of *fo-dhia*) means "good God" in old Gaelic, but is now obsolete. *Fiadh*, a deer or stag, is pronounced exactly the same as *fiadha*, for the letters *dh* in certain positions are silent in Irish. See Mr. S. H. O'Grady's note to his "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne."

not deny to him the power of drawing a certain sort of Irishman. He has given us many Irishmen with brogues, and one with no brogue—Kenny Dodd. Yet Kenny Dodd is not considered the least natural or the least Irish of his portraits.

It may be objected that Kenny Dodd was by way of being a sort of a gentleman, whose talk would naturally be free from gross mispronunciation, and that, therefore, the method of treatment which was rightly adopted in his case, would be wrong if applied to the case of a common uneducated Irishman. I deny this most emphatically. The common uneducated Irishman is every day examined in courts of justice, before Parliamentary committees, royal commissions, and such like. His evidence is taken down verbatim, and we have all an opportunity of reading it. Which is — I will not say the most natural — but the most Irish — the peasant of the Bessborough Commission or the peasant of the Irish novelist? Unquestionably the peasant of the blue-book. Why? For this simple reason: in the blue-book we have all the characteristic phrases, all the idiomatic turns of expression, in fact all the peculiarities of Irish peasant talk which it is possible to convey adequately by means of written characters. In the novel, if it be a good one, we have indeed all these too, but our attention is always being called off from them to the author's painful endeavor to accomplish the impossible feat of transferring the exact sound of the brogue to paper. The great novelists of other lands are guilty of no such absurdity in the treatment of dialect. Doubtless the peasants of Alsace, if they speak French at all, are wont to pronounce it with a dreadful Teutonic accent. Be sure they say *bas* for *pas*, and *fous* for *vous*, and *pichon* for *pigeon*, but it is not thus that they are made to talk in "*Le Conscrit*" or "*Le Blocus*." MM. Erckmann-Chatrian knew well what they were about. Their object was to give us natural men and women, and not grotesque merry-andrews. There is an artistic truth as well as an actual truth. The attempt to convey the latter, whether in literature or in painting, must inevitably result in failure and caricature. Even that most realistic of artists, the photographer, if he would not portray a monster, must first pose and arrange his victim, and be careful how he directs the light upon him.

This theory as to the literary rendering of provincial peculiarities of speech, is, to my thinking, nowhere better laid down

than by Don Antonio de Trueba. In his preface to the "*Cuentos Populares*" he says: "Creo muchos de nuestros escritores que el lenguaje popular se imita perfectamente, estropeando las palabras, poniendo términos bárbaros en boca de los rústicos de todas las localidades, convirtiendo la *s* en *z* cuando los que hablan son Andaluces, y la *o* en *u* cuando los que hablan son Gallegos, ó Asturianos. *Me parece este un lamentable error, porque lo que caracteriza el lenguaje popular, no es la construccion de la palabra, sino la construccion de la frase.* Por otra parte, todo buen lector da, á cada personaje, la pronunciaciön y el tono que le corresponde." This is the true doctrine. The presentation of local dialect is to be indicated by the form given to the sentence, and not by the spelling of the word. It is for the reader to supply the pronunciation if he be capable. If he be not, no amount of bad spelling will help him.

Chad Cranage in "Adam Bede" says: "Well, Mester Casson, how are ye t'naight? Are ye coom t' help groon? I mane to groon as loud as your cow did th' other naight, an' then the praicher 'ull think I'm i' th' raight way." This is supposed to be the midland dialect. But if Mr. Cranage had groaned that night instead of *grooning that naight*, he would, it is submitted, have appeared not merely quite as natural, but quite as midland to the reader who has never been in the midlands out of a railway carriage, and who has not the faintest conception of the intonation and accent of the midland speech.

But what of the greatest of all British novelists — Walter Scott? Is he also in the wrong way? Ought his Scotch peasant characters — the characters which have made him immortal — ought they to have spoken English? Here I distinguish. I say that, properly considered, Walter Scott's is not a case in point. I refuse to put broad Scotch on a footing with mere mispronunciations. Lowland Scotch is rather a language than a mere dialect. It has been fixed and stereotyped in an extensive and very far from despicable literature. It was employed until quite recently by educated people in their correspondence with each other. Laws have been promulgated in it. It is the idiom of many excellent and one incomparable poet. It stands in the same relation to English that Catalan (also a literary language) does to Castilian. If James the Sixth had not come to the English throne, it would have stood to the

speech of south Britain as Portuguese does to Spanish. It is at least a dialect — if it be a mere dialect and not a language — with which every educated Englishman is familiar. The poems of Burns are a delight to thousands of people in England, Ireland, and America, to whom the language of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," for example, is mere gibberish. Between an ancient language like Lowland Scotch and a mere modern mispronunciation like the Irish brogue (for we must remember that it is only yesterday, so to speak, that the Irish abandoned Gaelic) there is all the difference in the world.

The distinction is shown by this alone. The Scotchman knows he is speaking broad Scotch, and means to speak broad Scotch and not English. The Irishman, on the contrary, means to speak English, is doing his best to speak English, and as a matter of fact is speaking English, and, but for his queer pronunciation, very good English too. To be just, the comparison should be, not between Lowland Scotch and the Irish brogue, but between the two brogues, between the speech of the Irishman and the Scotchman when they suppose themselves to be (as in truth with strange accents they are) speaking English.

The Scotchman who desires to express the idea conveyed in the words "I will make you cry," has the choice of two phrases and languages. He may use the English, or he may say in his own tongue, "I'll gar ye greet." When he so delivers himself he is not mispronouncing English, he is speaking Scotch. The Irishman, on the other hand, has no option but to employ the English expression, "I'll make you cry." He may indeed not pronounce the *y* in "cry" exactly as an Englishman would, but it is "cry" and nothing else that he means to say. To make him say "croy" is at once to misrepresent and to caricature him. If our precious transliterators would only listen before they mangle, it would be something. But how often do they? It would seem to be an accepted doctrine that when an Irishman would say "poet" and "carriage," he invariably says "pote" and "carge." I unhesitatingly assert that no Irishman ever says either. What, as a matter of fact, he does say is — if we are to write gibberish — a great deal more like "pöut" and "carrudge," with the stress of the accent in each case on the first syllable. The English, as a rule, give to all the vowels, whether accented or not, their proper sound in pronuncia-

tion. But in the Gaelic language it is, generally speaking, only the accented vowel that gets its proper sound. The unaccented are all pronounced more or less alike, with an indefinite sound like the *e* and *a* in the word "tolerable," which might each be exchanged for *u* or *o* without the alteration being detected in ordinary pronunciation. This peculiarity the Irish have very generally transferred from their original Gaelic to the English which they now use.

But inspired by an insane spirit of literary pre-raphaëlitism, is the Irish novelist to disfigure his pages with such monstrosities as "pöut," "carrudge," "marrudge," "burrud"? When a young Irish gentleman of my acquaintance writes to inform me that next Monday is his birthday, and that I will be expected to "fork out," do I require him to spell it "fawruck"? Most assuredly not. I know exactly what he means, and exactly how he says it; and I know moreover that, spell it how he pleases, he will never, by mere spelling and through the eye alone, get any Englishman to pronounce it as he does.

It will be said, however, this theory of yours may be specious, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating. What Griffin, Banim, Lever, and others have done with the brogue, can you do without it? Can you beat those distinguished writers without spelling it "bate"? Can you give us a natural and lifelike Irish peasant who shall not speak gibberish? Yes, I modestly venture to think I can — with the aid of an old newspaper.

My Irishman, whom we will call James Dunphey, is described as "a tall, gaunt man, who gesticulated excitedly when giving his evidence."* I will let him tell his own story; it may or may not be true, but I venture to think it is rather Irish.

He is asked: —

"Are you a tenant on Mr. Brown's estate?"

"I am."

"What kind of a house have you — how many rooms?"

"None but the one."

"Is your land high up on the mountain?"

"Oh, then, it is so high — and the cliffs and glens getting into it — that if you stayed in it and looked down, 'Niagara Megrim's' would come into your head and you would fall."

"You are a good way up the mountain?"

"Oh, I am too far up."

* This evidence is transcribed, slightly condensed, from the report of a case tried in Dublin some years ago. I have given fictitious names to all the persons and places mentioned in it, my object being to depict character and not to rip up old sores.

"Do you remember when your father took the land?"

"No, I remember it since 1821."

"In what state was it then?"

"Oh, Deer knows! with the exception of two fields he had reclaimed, I saw heath that grew up to my knees."

"I suppose you heard from your father who reclaimed it?"

"It was himself, there was not a house or a home there only just as there is on the top of Mount Ararat."

"Will you tell me how you reclaimed that land?"

"To go to the limestone quarry that was on the low land, and to fill, my lord, a little car, to fill about six hundredweight; to drive on until we began to get against the steep hill; to unload a portion; to drive on again till we get to another cliff; to unload a portion again, and in the long run you would not know what color was the horse, only white, like the day he was foaled, with sweat; and upon my oath there would not be more than one hundredweight, when it reached the kiln, to reclaim this barren mountain. We had nothing but a spade and a pickaxe, and we had to get powder to blast the rocks. I would be willing (slapping his hand) to forfeit the ten acres three quarters, for the gentlemen of the jury to see one glimpse of the place I am living in."

"Are there stones there?"

"Upon my oath, man, there are stones bigger than the bench the chief justice is sitting on."

"How did you do with the rocks?"

"A crowbar should raise them, and a stout man with an iron sledge in his hand, and the greatest bully of a man had enough to do to make quarters of three big rocks in a day; and indeed, my lord, it was not on Indian meal stirabout he could do it."

"What next?"

"To dig the heath with a spade, and turn it into the ground, to come then with the quicklime burnt in the kiln, and to shake a little dust of that on it. Well then with a quantity of little manure—made by pulling some heath and laying it before the door of the house till it would rot—to come and spread that—and so help me God if you dug a sod of that stuff, and were strong enough to throw it over this great building, where it would fall it would be as stiff as when you cut it out of the farm."

"How long should you work?"

"Deer knows, from the rising of the sun till the going down."

"Did you get any assistance from the landlord?"

"Ah, nonsense! No more than from God and our own industry."

"How much land do you hold?"

"Mr. Jones, the agent, told me ten acres three quarters."

* This is not a fictitious name. The witness is using a Biblical illustration.

† It is perhaps superfluous to remark that the man's meaning here is the exact opposite of that which his words strictly construed bear according to English grammar.

"What old rent did you pay?"

"At the time Mr. Brown* bought this property from the Right Honorable John Lord Hardrider we were in unity and peace."

"What rent did Mr. Brown put upon you?"

"The agent came to me, my lord, and gave me notice to quit. Well, that was a thunderbolt to me, because to the Right Honorable John Hardrider,* I or my father never was one farthing in debt."

"Well, what rent did Brown make you pay?"

"Because I was not able to stand law with him I submitted, and said he might take my case into his sympathy and humanity."

"Just answer my question. What did he make you pay?"

"Three pounds seven and sixpence per year, that was in 1854."

"Is he asking more now?"

"Oh, goodness me, sir, he broke my neck and my back."

"What is your rent now?"

"Six pounds fifteen shillings, the double of three pounds seven and sixpence, and must be paid or the crowbar will be applied to the cornerstone, and level it, and leave me like a raven in the world."

"Have you paid that increased rent?"

"Ah, sure, God help me, I have, and neglected myself in every form through raiment and food. When the rent was doubled on me, I knew the result, and I pawned my body coat, a frieze coat, my lord, in order to be up to the rent, and there it went, from that day to this, from me, and I never saw it since."

"Since you agreed to pay that increased rent have you had sufficient food?"

"Upon my oath, I had nothing but Indian meal stirabout; and many's the time I would be very glad to subsist upon Swedish turnips—that it was never decreed by Almighty God that a human creature should subsist on it. After eating a bellyful of it, I would not be able to go ten perches through weakness."

"Where did you get the turnips?"

"I go to a friend of mine in Ballinamona.* I live in Slievemore and descend from the precipice into the mainland,† and go to my brother-in-law and take donkey load of them."

"He made you a present of them?"

"What else? I could not buy them."

"Did your family eat them too?"

"Indeed they did so, and not so much as I got, for many was the journey and the toil and the hardship that I should go through."

"Had you ever a meal of meat?"

"Musha! God help me and my meat. I did not eat it at the last festival that was in September.‡ It is a doleful thing to tell you I had not money to buy it."

"Has your wife been out at service?"

"When I was put to this difficulty—surrounded, my lord—I said: Well, after my father's sweat and my own God is good,§ said

* These names are fictitious.

† I.e., plain.

‡ Lady-day in harvest.

§ This is not, as might appear to the English reader,

I, and now, said I, you may go for a year in service, that we may keep the farm, sooner than be turned away into the workhouse, and while you are able to work you can get better food there than here. She condescended to my advice, my lord, and went into service."

"What family have you?"

"I have six children. Three went to America. Their friends paid their passage—their first cousins. When they saw this charge made upon me, they said that when they were in their youthful bloom they would never suffer such destitution, and they advised me to go to America. But after the hardships and destitution to myself and my brother and my father, who is in the grave, bringing the limestone in a basket on his back,* I would not. Nor I won't to-day. I would sooner die where I am. If I had the courage of a man it would be better for me; but now when I am worn down, let me sink or swim. I have no chance now while God leaves me the life."

"Where are your other children?"

"There is one girl in service, and another little child at home, and I have furthermore to tell you that my youngest son—that I was trusting to alone—ran away from me on the 25th of last month on the free emigration—and I wish to God I had never had one of them, because I have no one left now to bury me when I fall.

Here we have a description of an Irish peasant, his family, his surroundings, and his struggles, given by himself. Is it any the less Irish because the shorthand writer who took it down has made no attempt to reproduce the brogue? For my part I have the temerity to prefer this simple language faithfully reported, to the laboriously phonetic jargon of the novelist. And in like manner I venture to prefer the Irish peasant of real life, the shrewd, sensible, kindly, simple-minded, decently behaved man whom one meets at mass and market, to the grotesque creature of the London stage, with the "poipe" stuck in his "cawbeen,"† as he calls it, and the stick twirling in his fingers, and the coat trailing in the dust behind him, while he whoops out a request that somebody will "obledge" him by "tridding" upon the garment.

But of course every man to his taste, and if the reader likes unreal Irishmen he can find any number of them in Irish novels. G. S.

a denial of God's goodness, but an expression of trust in it. He means to say, "After all God is good and will help us yet." There is no more touching trait in the Irish peasant character than the persistent trust in the goodness of God. Nothing ever deprives them of that.

* *I.e.*, his death was accelerated by injury or fatigue incurred in carrying limestone up the mountain to be used as manure.

† Probably he means *caibín*, a hat, but whether an

From The Contemporary Review.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

M. THIERS once used a phrase often repeated since by the partisans of the republic: "The republic is that which divides us the least." But M. Thiers did not mean in 1849 to say that the republic was the *régime* which then least divided Frenchmen. He meant to say that it was that which least divided the conservative party, because that party was united in opposing it, but were not unanimous enough to create a monarchy. Unhappily it seems that, in a sense contrary to that usually given to M. Thiers's words, the republic has the fatal property of introducing infinite division among its own partisans.

Up to the formation of M. Gambetta's ministry of the 14th of November, the Republican party no doubt failed to present an example of perfect union, but the immense majority of the party at least entertained feelings of fraternal harmony among themselves, and the different sections of the party grouped themselves on rational bases. The ministry of Jules Ferry drew its support, both in the Chamber and in the country, from the moderate mass of the party, from that which was then called the Republican Left, to which was joined the wisest and most intelligent portion of the Gambettists, called the Republican Union. The most advanced of the Republican Union were more independent of the ministry, but were not hostile to it; and the Extreme Left alone maintained an almost unvarying opposition. When M. Gambetta came into power by the nearly unanimous wish of the electors and the Republican deputies, one would have expected that the union of these groups of the majority would have grown closer, and that the government would have had on its side the whole body of the Republican Left and the Republican Union. This is what would have happened if, as was at first expected, the Gambetta ministry had included the most eminent men of the preceding ministries, MM. Ferry, Léon Say, and De Freycinet. But this combination would have demanded a great deal of self-abnegation and conciliation on all sides; in a certain measure even the subordination of the personal views of ministers to the superior interests of concord. This was not possible with a personality

Irishman speaks Gaelic or English it is always written into gibberish for the Saxon reader.

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so powerful and absorbing as M. Gambetta's. He formed a ministry representative less of his political group than of himself. It was composed of the personal friends of the premier; largely of his colleagues on the staff of his paper, the *République Française*. Indeed, M. Gambetta appears to have sought in his colleagues not so much agreement in his views as fellowship in his habits. Thus M. Paul Bert, minister of public instruction, was not meant, either by temperament or ideas, for a fellow-worker with M. Gambetta. M. Allain Targé was notoriously incompetent for the ministry of finance.

Not only was the ministry of the 14th of November formed under the influence rather of personal than of political ties, but from the moment of the opening of the Chamber politics centred in a wholly personal question—the question of the *scrutin de liste*. Not that the question of the electoral system was not one of a very high degree of general political importance. Eminent thinkers, whose opinions I share, think it impossible, with the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, to obtain a homogeneous majority which would energetically support a ministry, and would be capable of subordinating local to national interests. But M. Gambetta had so identified himself and his cause with the *scrutin de liste* that his enemies were able, with some show of reason, to accuse him of seeking in that electoral system an engine for procuring a Chamber personally devoted to him and pliable to his whims, thanks to the influence of his journal and of his committees, and to his profound acquaintance with electoral strategy. Ill luck would have it that the *scrutin de liste* by itself represented to him the whole of his political programme. No one knew, and to this moment no one knows, exactly what were his ideas about the army, the magistracy, finance, economic reform, free trade, or foreign policy. All that was known was that he wished for the *scrutin de liste*, and that he was ready to sacrifice everything to it. In fact, he had been inimical to the revision of the constitution and the remodeling of the Senate, while he yet hoped that the Senate would vote for the *scrutin de liste*; but because the Senate rejected it he brusquely changed his view and undertook a campaign for revision.

Many accessory causes hastened the fall of the Gambetta ministry: for instance, the disorganization of the ministry for foreign affairs, for which M.

Gambetta was personally and nominally responsible; unfortunate appointments, such as that of M. de Chadorcy as ambassador to St. Petersburg, and of M. J. J. Weiss as secretary for foreign affairs; the incoherence and imprudence of the financial plans of M. Allain Targé, which rapidly brought down the public funds; the blundering agitation of M. Gougeard, the minister of marine; an underhand opposition emanating from the Elysée, and very cleverly conducted by M. Wilson, the son-in-law of M. Grévy; the inexperience, the dry and arbitrary manners of most of the ministers; the want of good breeding of one or two of them. But however powerful may have been the secondary causes of M. Gambetta's fall, the real one was that the Chamber feared he would prove a too imperious master. No one ever seriously feared that he would make himself dictator. Spiteful pamphleteers might say it, but nobody ever believed it. Still, it was felt that his ideal was that of a very strong and practically uncontrolled executive, served by a very docile Chamber. Since M. Gambetta's political programme was vague, and he himself not universally sympathetic, there was naturally found in the Chamber a majority to refuse him those means of government which he demanded; and he fell. I know that he fell on a vote relative to the question of the revision of the constitution, but that was only an accident of parliamentary tactics. The truth is that M. Gambetta fell before the personal hostility of the majority of the deputies. The fact that the event of the 26th of January is called, not the fall of the Gambetta ministry, but the fall of M. Gambetta, shows how purely personal the matter was.

This fall of M. Gambetta has been held to have many different significations, and indeed was capable of many different interpretations. It is certain that so rapid a fall was in many respects a calamity. M. Gambetta, with the immense prestige which surrounded him, was a power, a force, which it was as well to have in reserve; and it was deplorable to see it so quickly squandered. M. Gambetta has many great qualities as a politician: a fund of varied information, a remarkable gift of assimilation, quick insight, prompt decision, vigor in action, and, above all, a certain breadth and generosity and fire of patriotism which might at certain moments, as in 1870, make him the one man of France, and not the mere head of a party. It is very true, also, that many shabby feelings and pitiful interests con-

tributed to overthrow him; that in a Chamber largely composed of mediocre men there was envy and jealousy of him, such envy as is the fatal malady of all democracies; that the public which had been infatuated with him delighted in making fun of him, scoffing at him, and pulling in pieces the idol it had set up, like a child amusing itself by breaking the playing it has long desired. But M. Gambetta owed his fall, nevertheless, to himself. He acted and spoke too much as master; he showed too openly his contempt for the Chamber, which he considered as useful only to vote for whatever was presented to it; above all, he wanted a system of government which, while it had the appearance and name of a republic, would really have been fatal to all liberty. M. Gambetta wished for an executive which should be strong and free in all its acts,—emancipated from that insupportable meddling of the deputies and senators which habitually paralyzes ministerial activity, because it interferes with all the details of the administration. In all this he was right; but this free and powerful action of the executive is only tolerable when the citizens enjoy a very great amount of individual and social liberty, when associations, communes, departments are largely autonomous—in a word, when the power of the executive is confined to the general interests of the country as a whole. Unfortunately, M. Gambetta believes in centralization in its extreme form. His conception of government is that of Bonaparte, first consul. He would have it that at every step and at every point of the administration, governmental and ministerial action should make itself directly felt. Like Bonaparte, he would have his hand not only on the army but on the whole of the executive, the magistracy, the educational bodies, the clergy. No doubt it is not as a matter of personal domination that he desires all this, but in order to ensure the triumph of republican ideas. Under one name or another, it would always be a reign of authority from above. People felt it, and kicked. So long as France continues to be centralized as at present, weakness in the central power is almost a condition precedent of liberty. As soon as that power becomes strong, liberty will be in chains. If a strong central power is desired in conjunction with a reign of public liberty, a diminution of administrative centralization must be resolved upon.

If the Freycinet-Say-Ferry ministry had

been able to occupy this ground, and to oppose principles of liberty and of decentralization to the centralizing and domineering ideas which the Gambetta ministry to a certain degree represented, the purely personal question which was the cause of M. Gambetta's fall might possibly have been transformed into a question of principle. Unfortunately, it is not certain that the present ministry has any very definite programme on this head, and at all events it would not have found a majority in the Chamber to support it. The majority which has supported the ministry of M. de Freycinet since the 28th of January is altogether factitious, formed out of the most incongruous elements, united solely by a personal passion—the fear of seeing M. Gambetta return to political life, antipathy to M. Gambetta. This majority is composed of the Democratic Union, which is the old Republican Left under another name, of part of the Radical Left, and of part of the Extreme Left. The Democratic Union, which represents the most moderate portion of the Republican party (the Left Centre counting only four or five members), is the only group which by its tendency and precise shade of opinion is in true accord with the ministry, but it is far from having a definite liberal and decentralizing programme. It consists of from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty members. The Republican Union, the group nearest to the Democratic Union, is half formed of Gambettists. A certain number of its members often vote with the ministry; but generally they refuse it their support and abstain from voting, thus weakening it without wishing to upset it, because they know that they could not fill its place. They number from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty, of which a hundred form the real Gambettist party, and represent centralizing, democratic, and anti-clerical views. The Radical Left, which consists of about eighty members, is formed of the most advanced portion of the old Republican Union, of former members of the Extreme Left who have been repelled by the eccentricities of some of their colleagues, and of new members, some of whom hold opinions nearly approaching those of the Republican Union, and some of whom, on the contrary, are liberal and in favor of decentralization. The Extreme Left is a chaotic mixture of the opinions called advanced, from the Jacobinism of M. Clémenceau, the declared enemy of the ministry, to the whimsical and somewhat anarchical Liberalism

of MM. Maret and de Lanessan, who support M. de Freycinet.

How is it possible to govern with such incongruous elements? How is it possible to manœuvre with an army thus cut in two by a hostile army, and one-half of which is always full of mistrust of the other half? M. de Freycinet has succeeded so far by his Parliamentary ability, by the seductive charm of his words, and, above all, by the fear inspired by the bare idea of M. Gambetta's return, and has always obtained a majority. But the misfortune is that all his policy appears to be just to get a majority. He has no reliable and confiding majority which helps him beforehand to carry out a definite policy; but he so directs his policy as to secure a majority. One might believe, when looking at the law which has restored to the towns the right to elect their own mayors, and at the projected law to create a mayoralty for Paris and cantonal councils, that the ministry was inspired by a general idea of decentralization and liberalism; but on looking more closely it appears, on the contrary, that the only object of these laws is to satisfy the Radical Left and the Extreme Left, which are necessary for the existence of the ministry. So that the ministry has a majority formed of the Democratic Union, who vote with it because of their sympathy with the individuals who compose it, but without always approving the laws which it formulates; and of the Radical Left, who have no sympathy with it, but who vote with it because the proposed laws are calculated just to secure their votes.

This is an altogether anomalous parliamentary situation, and results in a very great disorganization of the work of the legislature. During the whole twelve years of the republic not once has any one come up to the point of having the elements necessary for a good working parliamentary authority; a homogeneous ministry united on a definite programme, accepted and defended on principle by all its members, and an equally homogeneous majority which has confidence in the ministry, and agrees in its programme, carries through its bills, and avoids anything which might hinder the complete fulfilment of the programme determined upon. Instead of this we have a ministry composed of men who certainly are most capable and most honorable, but who appear not to have begun by coming to any agreement, either among themselves or with the Chamber. M. Léon Say is a

financier of the first rank. His presence at the ministry of finance gives security to all our economic interests, and is a bulwark against that financial prodigality to which the Chamber is, by electoral allurements, habituated; but it is questionable whether M. de Freycinet—the inventor of the redeemable three per cents. and the projector of the great public works set on foot four years ago—sees with pleasure to what strict economy he is brought down. On the other hand it is quite certain that the Chamber only submits to the conditions imposed upon it by M. Say in order to avoid a crisis, the outcome of which it cannot foresee. A few weeks ago it was seen taking into consideration a proposition which tended to do away with duties on liquors, although M. Say declared that it would interfere with the equilibrium of his budget. Lastly, it is well known that M. Wilson, the president of the Budget Committee, wages a personal, underhand, and bitter war against M. Say, and on the question of the purchase of the railways, to which M. Say is inimical, is altogether opposed to the minister of finance. M. Humbert, the minister of justice, is a lawyer of great merit, and has proposed an extremely wise reform of the magistracy: he would abolish a certain number of tribunals, which would produce good economic results, at the same time that it would increase legal salaries, and would render it possible to withdraw magistrates who are either incapable or violently opposed to the government, without infringing the protective principle of their irremovability. But what does the Chamber do? It nominates a commission which brings in a bill upsetting the whole magistracy, abolishing the principle of irremovability, and substituting election for the present system of nomination; and all the representatives of districts whose tribunals might be abolished coalesce, without distinction of party, to vote against M. Humbert's bill. This unblushing self-seeking, this childish rashness with which they would upset a whole judicial system, knowing quite well beforehand that neither the ministry nor the Senate will agree to such radical changes—is this serious parliamentary work? Is this the way for the Chamber to support the ministry it has created? M. Goblet, the minister of the interior, is quick, active, enterprising, obstinate: he, probably, alone is the true partisan of the decentralizing proposals of the ministry. But already, behold! throughout the Left, a vehement rising

against the law which restores to the towns the right to elect their own mayors; because two or three hundred towns have elected reactionary mayors, there is an outcry that M. Goblet is betraying the republic into the hands of the enemy, and other bills proposed by him will go to sleep in the portfolios of the ministry or the Chamber.

M. Ferry alone is happily placed. As for him he is in accord with his colleagues, the Chambers, and the country. He has chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from him. He has had sufficient self-denial—he who had been president of the Council—to accept a place under M. de Freycinet, and he returned to the ministry of public instruction, where he had done so much service ever since 1879, and resumed with indefatigable energy the great work of the reform of the whole system of primary, secondary, and higher education. On this subject all Republicans are agreed, and their union is again as strong as in 1877, when the business of the moment was to fight the 16th of May. This unanimity is due to the profound and noble passion for education which animates the whole Republican party; but it is also partly due to a passion which, though legitimate in many respects, is less elevated in its character—hatred of clericalism. Republicans have felt that it is by education that they can best make the whole of France republican. It is not possible to approve of everything in M. Ferry's laws. More than one point which has been inspired by this spirit of hostility to the clerical party is of an illiberal and annoying character. For instance, in the law making instruction compulsory, the clause requiring all children taught at home to undergo examinations testing the identity of their education with that which they would have received at school is a measure which is vexatious, and which, applied by malevolent or unintelligent judges, might be made absolutely odious. It is obvious that the purpose of a law of compulsory education is to compel people who cannot educate their children at home to send them to school. The pedagogic examination which M. Ferry would impose on every one wishing to open a free school may also become an instrument of tyranny, a means of barring any one whom one disliked from the profession of head of an educational institution. In spite of these mistakes, which are the result of the struggle against clericalism, the work accomplished by M. Ferry is really mag-

nificent. The sum distributed in the departments for the construction of primary schools and the payment of teachers is reckoned by millions of francs; by millions also is reckoned the money lent to the departments for the repair of buildings and renewal of apparatus for *lycées* and colleges; and by millions finally are reckoned the increased expenses for higher education. Nevertheless, M. Ferry perhaps scarcely appreciates the importance of the reforms already accomplished and yet needed in this matter. He has sought with praiseworthy energy the reform of secondary education; which is all very well, but if the object is to raise the intellectual and moral level of France, it can be attained only by the reform of the higher education. It is necessary not only that all the young people of the leisured classes should receive good secondary education, but that they should thoroughly study higher subjects. Not until there is a general diffusion throughout society of noble and serious tastes will there be *governing classes* worthy of their name, from which Parliament, the executive, and even journalism can obtain able and solid recruits. Already great progress has been made; our faculties of literature and science, but lately empty of pupils, are comparatively populous with students (at Paris there are more than seven hundred); the chairs have been more than doubled; and everywhere there is true zeal for study. And, finally, the education of girls has made great strides onward. The Normal School at Fontenay-aux-Roses is training women professors for the primary normal schools, and that at Sèvres for girls' secondary schools. These secondary schools—these girls' *lycées*—are beginning to make their appearance in various towns, and we shall not have to wait long to reap the fruits of them. The immense sacrifices which the State makes for public instruction call out corresponding sacrifices on the part of individuals in the Catholic party, who are anxious to open everywhere free schools in opposition to the State schools, which they accuse of hostility to religion. This emulation can only be a subject of rejoicing, since it multiplies technical schools, and will certainly be favorable to progress and to the triumph of truth.

Side by side with the education question is another upon which not only all Republicans, but all Frenchmen, should be in accord, since upon it depends the very existence of France. It is the military question. Unfortunately, political

and electoral prejudices have introduced into the solution of army problems considerations foreign to them. There are some points on which all are agreed. All are in favor of universal obligatory service — with a few exceptions; all wish to see the end of the vices, the bad customs, of our military organization, the continued existence of which was sadly revealed by the campaign in Tunis. But concord disappears when it comes to the question how to correct our faults. We still await a law regulating the staff. The incredible tenderness of M. Gambetta for the system which subordinates the medical service and the *chefs de corps* to the commissariat officers has delayed the reform of our commissariat for years. But the gravest question is that of recruiting. Although the one year's service as established in France tells much more heavily than the Prussian voluntary service, and although the five years' service imposed on the larger portion of the army is practically reduced to forty months, the greater part of the Republican candidates at the last elections endeavored to prove their democratic and levelling sentiments by demanding the abolition of the voluntary service, which is a privilege reserved for the leisured classes, and the establishment of a uniform service of three years for all alike — that is to say, they called for an aggravated form of the system proposed by M. Laisant last year, and which they had themselves rejected. M. Gambetta, the man chiefly responsible for the check given to M. Laisant's law — M. Gambetta, who had always been known as a partisan of long service — put himself at the head of the party for triennial service, and after his fall he drafted a bill so radical that it was questioned whether he himself could desire its adoption. He demands a three years' service for all, even for the members of the educational body and the clergy. The ministry, of which certainly not one single member was favorable to this system of false equality, which imposes on all classes burdens similar in appearance, but pressing with tenfold greater weight on the man who devotes himself to a liberal career than on the peasant or artisan — the ministry, doubtless in order to put in practice that policy of concession to the Chamber of which M. de Freycinet spoke in his declaration of the 28th of January, proposed a hybrid system which exempts the members of the educational body and the clergy, and imposes two years' service on graduates and three years' on the mass

of recruits. This hybrid system, which is sufficiently characteristic of the present ministry, can satisfy no one, since it trenches on the theoretic equality on which it is sought to base the law; while at the same time, in imposing two years of service on those who give themselves up to the most serious studies, it puts difficulties in the way of recruiting for the liberal professions. For myself, I should desire this law to be utilized less for the establishment of a pseudo-equality than as a means of compelling our young *bourgeoisie* to undertake serious studies by giving privileges to education. The three years' service should be the rule; but all those who have completed the course of secondary education and taken a degree should serve for two years only, and those whose further devotion to study is proved by examination should serve but one year. Then we should see our universities filled with students, and the military law would not only teach devotion to our country, but would promote the intellectual development of the nation. France needs not arms alone to defend, but also intellects to govern her. But in France, and above all in the political world, there are few who understand the importance of higher education, and it is to be feared that in pursuing the chimæra of equality we may stop short at the *status quo*, in dread of a system which would in a short time make the entire *bourgeois* classes hostile to the republic.

This spirit of indecision which I have pointed out in the policy of the ministry in home politics and in military affairs appears again in its foreign policy. In commercial matters it would be difficult to say whether the government is in favor of free trade or of protection. It has concluded commercial treaties with Italy, Spain, and Belgium, but has not been able to come to an understanding with England. England on her side may have been wrong; but what I maintain is, that the ministry never declared the principle of its economic policy, and that here, as elsewhere, its prime object appears to have been to please the greatest possible number of deputies. Nor would it be less difficult to tell what is the guiding principle of its diplomacy. So far as one can judge, the diplomacy of M. de Freycinet has for its object to round the ticklish point of the national honor, while at the same time accommodating itself to the resolute and even exaggerated pacific tendencies which sway the country and Parliament. But that cannot be called a

foreign policy; it is parliamentary tactics. It secures a majority in the Chamber when a question comes up; but it does not give a definite direction to our diplomacy. It has been the bane of France for twenty years past, as M. Rothan has lately showed in his very remarkable books on "The Policy of France in 1866" and on "The Luxembourg Question" (C. Levy), to have no fixed foreign policy, to have always sought two or more objects at once, and thus to have failed in them all. France created Italy, and has ever since used all her ingenuity to turn it into an enemy; France helped on the triumph of Prussia, but without decision or frankness, so that, instead of benefiting by it, she reaped war, defeat, and a hostility which may last well into the twentieth century. Since 1870, two policies have been possible: either a policy of absolute withdrawal, fortifying France intellectually, morally, and practically, and patiently awaiting the moment when it should be possible once more to put her hand on the lost provinces; or a contrary policy of open reconciliation with Germany, giving to France, with that support, great activity abroad, developing her colonies, strengthening and extending her influence on the Mediterranean. Neither of these two lines of policy has been adopted. We have grudgingly accepted the support of Germany on one point, without ever adopting a friendly attitude towards her. The authority of France has been extended in Tunis, but too late and at enormous sacrifice. Here, also, there has been no definite policy: the country has been annexed without annexation, conquered without conquest; it has never been clearly shown whether France sought to conform in the East to the traditional policy of protecting Turkey and Islamism, or, on the contrary, to range against them Christian civilization, and to grow at their expense. There is no decision; the ministry will and will not, does and does not. Vessels are sent to Alexandria, and content themselves with watching Arabi Pacha throwing up fortifications at Alexandria against the Europeans, and Arabs murdering Christians. M. de Freycinet seems to believe that diplomacy consists in writing admirable despatches, in making enchanting speeches, in being insinuating, ingenuous, seductive, and finding loopholes and subterfuges in everything; but all that sort of thing is useful only for inferior details and the *entr'actes* of diplomacy. True diplomacy consists in knowing just what

one wants, in pursuing the end always, by all means, with indefatigable perseverance. I know well that such diplomacy, difficult anywhere, is specially so under parliamentary rule, and in a republic where there is a change of ministry about once a year. But why not adopt the policy of withdrawal?

As I have already said here more than once, the dangers which menace the republic arise chiefly from Republicans themselves. The conservative Catholic party, Bonapartist or Legitimist, may make some noise, because just now it is exasperated; it may obtain a partial success at the elections because of the faults and divisions of the Republicans; but substantially it is powerless, and its strength is every day growing less. The irreconcilable party, the Socialists, might, perhaps, be an immediate danger if an economic crisis were to occur, or if the defects of Parliament or of the government were to drive the Moderates to entire abstention. But so far the revolutionary party does not appear to have grown since the amnesty: it is profoundly divided into small rival sects; its declamation and its ignorance render it ridiculous; it is made odious by its violence and its constant appeals to crime. In fact, it is for the present powerless. No doubt one must not blind oneself to the sleeping dangers which may arise on this side, but neither must one exaggerate them through fear. The true dangers are the divisions of the Republican party, the bitter feelings of animosity, even of hate, which are exhibited in the press and Parliament, between Gambettists and non-Gambettists, the increasing mediocrity in the choice of deputies sent to the Chamber by universal suffrage and the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, the feebleness of the deputies in relation to their constituents, and of the ministers in relation to the deputies, and the spirit of sectarian narrowness observable in many politicians and Republican administrations, and which, should it spread much farther, would disgust all free, broad, and delicate minds with the republic.

There is yet another danger for the republic: it is the relaxation of social and moral order. Montesquieu said that democracy is founded on virtue; and if this saying is somewhat exaggerated, it is quite certain that if the republic does not develop fraternity among the different classes, the sentiment of devotion to the country, the love of simple, manly manners, it will not answer either to the ideas

or to the hopes of those who believe in it; and it will lose in a very short time the prestige which its very name still possesses for the mass of the nation. For this reason it is impossible to see without anxiety the savage and spiteful preachings of the revolutionary Socialists, the excessive love of peace and well-being which reigns throughout the *bourgeoisie*, and, above all, the progress of immorality. Not only are atrocious crimes multiplying, but the license of the press, of books, and of plays is growing; and it would seem that the government feels powerless before this flood of immorality in which the public itself is an accomplice. It is true that just now it contends that this powerlessness arises from the last law which gives liberty to the press, and that it is proposing to the Chambers a new law, permitting it to repress all outrages on good morals committed through the press. But before this last law was passed there was already a crowd of immodest productions which were displayed in the windows of the stationers and at the doors of the newspaper kiosques, and which were cried on the boulevards with revolting cynicism, while the most scandalous pictures provoked the attention of the passer-by. The "Memoirs of Casanova," which had never been allowed to be sold publicly, were placed at the disposal of all comers under the galleries of the Odéon, and could be fingered by the students; and alongside of these memoirs, modern works, without style, or observation, or wit, which are addressed only to the most depraved instincts. Unhappily, I must number in this category the latest romance by a man who, none the less, has a powerful imagination and great gifts as a writer and an observer, but who has set himself to trade upon the attractiveness of scandal, the taste of the *blasé* for filth — M. E. Zola. By a singular idolatry of the word liberty, the committee of the Chamber charged with the examination of the bill for the repression of obscene publications placed books beyond the reach of the hand of justice, so that there is nothing for it but to endure the ravages wrought by cheap publications dignified with the name of books. Is it not to be feared that, sooner or later, the public, and especially the artisan population, whose children more than others are the victims of this vicious propaganda, will revolt with indignation against a government which tolerates it? Under the empire great indignation was felt on the subject

of the tolerated hawking of questionable publications; they were prudish in comparison with those which in these days we see issued at low prices from the press. Otherwise, I know that law has little power against these perverse tendencies, unless public opinion strongly supports it. It will be strong when M. Zola's friends turn their backs upon him, unless he gives up writing such novels as "*Nana*" or "*Potbouille*," when M. Armand Silvestre's friends refuse to shake hands with him because of his articles in *Gil Blas*. Else the evil will progress continually. In the end it will be impossible to take boys and girls to the theatre or to exhibitions of paintings. It is already impossible to put the *Revue des deux Mondes* into their hands.

There is a complete school of writers and critics who take very easily this degradation of character, this depravity of morals. We are in the stage of decay, they say; let us not struggle against destiny, let us decay with resolution, with conviction, according to our measure, at least, if decay renders this disposition of the soul still possible; let us try to have the qualities proper to nations in decay — infinite curiosity, subtlety of thought and feeling, refined delicacy, exquisite precision of style. We should seek in vain the noble simple grace of Virgil, the majesty of Lucretius; but we may attain the brilliancy of Lucan, the eloquence of Seneca, the ripened grace of Petronius or Apulæius, the wit of Martial. The theorist of this school of decay is M. Paul Bourget, who is at once an incisive literary critic, a true philosopher, and a charming poet. The volume of "*Aveux*" which he has just published (Lemerre) introduces a strain of attractive originality into the concert of contemporary poets. It is true that one traces in him the influence of the pagan pessimism of Baudelaire and of Shelley's idealism, but with a personal flavor added. This sceptic expresses the pain of scepticism; this *blasé* deplores his faults (which he details with perhaps too much complaisance) in a tone of emotional melancholy, with a familiar and intimate simplicity which renders him positively sympathetic, and one finds in him more purity and more *naïveté* than he himself would, doubtless, be aware of. His ideal is noble; and this Parisian of the boulevards belongs, by his natural order, to the hills of Scotland and to the immaculate snows of the north. Besides he would see in what I here say of him

the confirmation of his theory. Is not this discord between aspiration and deed, between desire and belief, the very proof of an age of decay?

In the eyes of M. P. Bourget the most perfect literary type of our decaying time is M. Renan, that great worker who professes to live on curiosity alone; that sage of irreproachable life who thinks it all right that others should be less virtuous than himself; that essentially religious soul who believes in no religion; that philosopher who laughs at philosophy; that marvellous artist who no more has a fixed ideal in art than he has in morals or in politics. Never did M. Renan more candidly confess the contradictions which are the foundations of his thought than in his admirable speech at the Academy, in answer to M. Pasteur. He has there confessed that he changes his opinions with his interlocutors, and using once more a comparison which he had already used in speaking of Lamennais, he compared truth to a coquette who repels too fervent adorers and encourages those alone who are somewhat indifferent.

M. Bourget would certainly classify among the geniuses of the age of decay that prodigious Victor Hugo, who, at eighty years of age, has just given us a new drama, "*Torquemada*" (C. Levy), and who promises to publish soon two volumes of collected poems, "*Toute la Lyre*." "*Torquemada*" contains not only those dazzling images, those bursts of charming eloquence which bubble from the brain of Hugo with an inexhaustible abundance, but a powerful and elevated conception of the hero of his work, of whom he makes not a debased or tyrannical or hateful soul, but a convinced and disinterested fanatic who sees in the tortures inflicted on heretics a means of saving them from the pains of hell. But alongside of these good qualities, what faults there are from the artistic, psychology, and historic point of view! And, as a question of truth, is this Marquis of Fuentel, who is a model of paternal love and a monster of perversity, true to life? Are this Ferdinand of Arragon and this Alexander VI. real, who exhibit with pleasure their vices and their infamous doings? What loud, offensive, confused colors! What rhetoric, devoid of all sincere emotion!

M. Bourget would quite as easily point out the signs of decay in the novels of contemporary literature. I am not speak-

ing of M. Zola's last work, which has nothing in common with literature; nor do I speak of those scandalous novels which have no other merit than that of narrating, under borrowed names, the lives of the men and women of our day. I do not speak even of those sensational works, such as "*La Marquise*," by Albert Delpit, in which a pseudo-mysticism is patched on to the grossest sensuality. I speak of novels which have some literary value if they do not show qualities of observation or imagination. How incomplete, how incongruous, how unsatisfactory they are! A. Daudet creates types. His "*Numa Roumestan*" (Charpentier), who is almost like a person writing his autobiography, who is analyzed with a mocking sympathy which is like a personal confession, is an admirable picture of those natures, expansive without real enthusiasm, generous without true goodness, intelligent without depth, all on the surface, impressible on the moment, full of spontaneous impulses, which the south of France produces in numbers. There are delightful pictures of common life in "*Numa Roumestan*," but there is no romance. The loves of Valmjour and Henriette are not in the least real; there is neither passion nor development of character. It is anecdotic romance. There is dramatic passion in G. Ohnet, the author of "*Serge Panine*" and of "*Le Maître de Forges*" (Plon); but the inexact and colorless style shows M. Ohnet to be a half-made artist. "*L'Abbé Constantin*," by M. L. Halévy (C. Levy), is a charming, spirited, touching story, full of the best feeling; but is there not something factitious about it? Is it real life? Is it a piece of strong, simple, frank work? Is it not calculated simplicity? And that innocence which one breathes in the author of "*M. et Mme. Cardinal*," does it not resemble the innocence which ravished the readers of Berquin in the eighteenth century, when they came away from Marmontel and Crébillon fils?

If we proceed with M. Bourget to the theatre, here, too, he would find no difficulty in showing equally incontestable proofs of the spirit of decay. He might, perhaps, except "*Madame Caverlet*" by E. Augier, which is being played at the Gymnase, and which is one of the best pieces of this frank and robust master of the contemporary theatre. It may, however, well be said that we cannot judge it impartially so soon after the vote in the Chamber on the law of divorce presented

by M. Naquet, at the moment when so many hearts beat fast at the thought of the deliverance foreseen, at the moment when the startling suit of the widow of the Duc de Chaulnes against her mother-in-law, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, has raised in every drawing-room discussions as to the position of husbands and wives and children in disunited families. If we leave on one side M. E. Augier, does not the greatest success of our times — "*Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*," by E. Pailleron — belong to a decaying theatre? There could be nothing more charming or amusing. It overflows with wit of the most pointed and delicate quality. The dialogue sparkles with humor, and emotion springs quite naturally in the midst of laughter, like comedy amid tears. And yet is it a drama or a comedy? Are the characters solid? Is the observation more than skin-deep? Is it not mere handy incidents put as comedy? And would the piece have had half its success if the author, when he put on the stage people known by the whole of Paris, had not added the attraction of scandal to that of wit? But it is said Molière painted his contemporaries. Yes, but he made them types of humanity. Tartufe is always contemporary. Will they play "*Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*" ten years hence? Erckmann-Chatrian's "*Rantzau*" belongs also to the theatre of decay. Its charm is the charm of contrast. The patriarchal manners of Alsace, the simple and honest sentiments which are the materials used by Erckmann-Chatrian in novels and plays, create new emotions for people who have used up those which Daudet's subtlety, Zola's coarseness, and the sensuality of the tale-writers of the questionable press can awaken. Is there not a certain commonplaceness and mannerism in their style? Is not their naturalness somewhat artificial? And, again, is "*Rantzau*" a play? The characters are placed and described; they are not developed. It is a series of pictures of Alsatian manners — charming pictures to be sure — to which the actors of the Théâtre Français give — as they do to Parisian scenes in "*Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*" — a vividness, an air of reality that is quite astonishing. What shall we find if we speak of inferior pieces — of "*Lili*" at the Variétés, of "*Perle*" at the Gymnase? Take from them their dangerous allusions, their libertine couplets, Mme. Judic's talent, as well as Dupuis' and S. Germain's, and what would

be left of these so-called comedies which all Paris crowds to see?

If we accompany M. Bourget to the Salon, he would, I think, find no difficulty in showing that our art is decaying. How many are the painters who only look for effect, who seek only to attract the attention of the public or of the judges! How many are those whose object is sale, not art; who flatter the depraved taste of the day, or who simply servilely imitate, making no effort of imagination or observation! What business ability, what poverty of feeling and thought, and above all what an amount of affectation! Affectation in M. Bastien Lepage, who no doubt analyzes the features of his figures with the pencil of a physiologist, but who plasters them on his landscapes without relief, and whose leaves and trees look like vegetables. Affectation in M. Puvis de Chavannes, who turns his defects in drawing into mystic awkwardnesses and religious stiffness, and his impotence as a colorist into a system of monumental decoration. Above all, affectation in M. Manet and the impressionists, who think to bring back art to truth because they are unable to produce any but vulgar types, and because, being incapable of making a thorough study of a landscape, a scene, or a type, they content themselves with reproducing, with more or less of science, certain tricks and effects, and general outlines and colors of things. And what ravages are wrought by these evil tendencies! Go through the Salon, almost all our painters are under the influence of M. Manet, of M. Puvis de Chavannes, and of M. Bastien Lepage. They delight in thin color, in quick work, in neglecting all finish, in laughing at perspective. Take, in proof of this, such a first-class man as M. Baudry. Go and see the International Exhibition in the Rue de Sèze, where, surrounded by Alma Tadema, De Nittis, Madrazo, Millais, A. Stevens, Wahlberg, Pokitonov, Knaus, Menzel, Gérôme, Dupré, and Israëls, he shines with incomparable lustre. Go and see the special exhibition of his works at the Orangerie at the Tuileries, and you will see how great is the difference between his older work — his portrait of M. Guizot, his Leda, so enigmatic, so seductive, his ravishing little St. John — and his more recent portraits of Mlle. Denière, of the little Montebello, of Parisina. M. Manet has visibly taken effect upon him. He is always a great artist, but often his painting becomes violent

and lax. It is no longer what it used to be. When you come out of the Salon, go and see Courbet's work at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Here you have solid, hearty painting. He did not paint for effect—to please the public—to get money. He painted, because impelled by an internal necessity, with all his heart, with conviction, with admirable attention. When he made a mistake he did not do it by halves, and many of his pictures are grandly bad. But when he has succeeded in reproducing his meaning what a powerful impression he gives of nature and life; how impersonal he is in his work! Nothing here tastes of the ephemeral caprices of fashion; Courbet worked for truth, for art, for the future. Henceforth he is numbered with the great masters, spite of all his faults as a man, as an artist.

If, finally, we go with M. Bourget to the concert-room, he would find it very easy to demonstrate that the contemporary musical movement is a certain proof of our decay. The taste for music has spread immensely during the last few years. This progress is not shown at the opera, for neither Gounod's "*Tribut de Zamora*," nor M. Ambroise Thomas' "*Françoise de Rimini*" has greatly impressed the public. To the popular concerts of Padeloup are added each Sunday the Concerts Colonne at the Théâtre du Châtelet, the concerts at the Cirque d'Été, and the Concerts Lamoureux at the Château d'Eau, the best of all, where the orchestra unites fire to a precision worthy of the Conservatoire, and is equal to the best in Germany. All these concerts are crowded, and they perform at them all the great symphonies, from Handel and Bach to Berlioz and Wagner, whose "*Lohengrin*," even without dresses and scenery, produced a *furor* at the Concert Lamoureux. A Pleiades of young musicians sustains the honor of the French school,—Saint-Saëns, Delibes, Lefèvre, Godard, Lalo. The growth of musical taste in France is incontestable. But is it, looked at from a general point of view, a good thing? Does not this taste for music—setting aside whatever fashion may have to do with it—proceed partially from a certain indolence in thought, because brains are not interesting themselves so much with ideas, because a life of sensation and susceptibility is carrying the day over the intellectual life? Besides, are there to be found in our contemporaneous musical compositions those great bursts of melody which denote the

true lyric spirit, those great artistic ideas, that creative power, which are the imperishable beauty of Glück and of Beethoven? Does one not find, much rather, on the one hand, a sterile science, on the other an unhealthy nervous over-excitement? Poetry is replaced by music because we prefer dream to thought.

There is truth, much truth, in these pessimist criticisms; and I have described them because they represent one side of the judgment I pronounce on the intellectual and moral condition of France. But it would be very unfair to look only at this side of things. There are many signs of decay in our present civilization; but the decay is neither immediate nor irremediable. There are two things which protect modern society from decay: on the one hand, the mutual influence of all the nations on each other, and, on the other hand, the solid, healthy, unassailable basis provided by science for the work of this generation. There are those who say that in Greece and in Rome it was at the epoch of decay that the sciences were studied, and that at Alexandria learning, scientific research, metaphysical subtlety, and literary bad taste were in the forefront. That is true; but learning and science had not then the ascertained bases which they have to-day. They were then still part of the domain of the imagination and of curiosity. To-day they form upright, assured, virile minds. Spite of all his scepticism, is not M. Renan a true *savant* who has consecrated the greater part of his life to the construction of a literary and scientific monument, the last stone of which he has just placed in position with his seventh and last volume of the "*Histoire des Origines du Christianisme*" (Levy)? Doubtless some imagination mingles with his work; contradictions are frequent in it, and he is careful to warn the reader not to abandon himself with too great confidence to the authority of his science or the charm of his style. But has he not rendered great service to human thought in treating this great subject for the first time from a truly historical, and not from a theological point of view? It is neither the negative criticism of Strauss nor dogmatic apology. It is passionless history. In his reply to M. Pasteur at the Academy, when he protested against confusing the two ideas of the supernatural and the infinite, was there not perceptible in M. Renan an affirmative tone very different from the rest of the speech?

Was there not visible beneath the sceptical artist a learned man convinced of the principles of his science and of the rules of his scientific method? In his speech at the Academy, in answer to M. Cherbuliez a few weeks later, in his lecture at the Sorbonne on "The National Idea," one felt that there was in M. Renan a patriotic heart convinced that patriotism is above all an act of will and of faith, and deeply impressed with the great danger which menaces parliamentary and democratic France—the invasion of mediocrity. In the excessive susceptibility of a poet like Sully-Prudhomme, in the subtle complexity of the sufferings which tear his thought and his heart, one may recognize the signs of a period of lassitude, of loss of power, of decay, but still a breath of large-heartedness blows through every page of his beautiful poems—love of humanity, faith in science, an ardent love for truth, patriotic devotion, impart to them a moral beauty which makes them do one good.

In fact, how can we speak of decay when we turn to consider the work of men of science—of a man like M. Pasteur, for example, whose experiments in fermentation are in a fair way to regenerate the science of therapeutics and the whole of biology? The Academy called him to its membership as the man who at this moment does most honor to France. Surely none could have this dismal presentiment of decay on the day when the Academy elected Sully-Prudhomme, Pasteur, and Cherbuliez at once by a triple choice, which the general voice confirmed. It is, to be sure, true that the Academy was not willing to let the public rest under this good impression; it has just elected Monseigneur Perraud, Bishop of Autun, whose best qualification is his ecclesiastical dignity.

We shall find ourselves yet further removed from this feeling of decay of which we have spoken, if we enter the schools of science or of learning. What more worthy objects of admiration and respect are there than some of the men who unhappily have lately been removed from us: Ch. Thurot, J. Quicherat, Ch. Graux? The first-named was a Hellenist of the first rank, a Latinist of great merit, and his studies on French grammar in the Middle Ages and on the history of French pronunciation are known to all philologists. He was for more than twenty years professor of French, Greek, and Latin grammar at the Ecole Normale Su-

périeure, and has formed several generations of professors. J. Quicherat identified his name with that of the Ecole de Chartes, where he was a pupil at its first beginning, where he soon became professor, and where he passed his life as professor of archaeology and diplomatics, and then as director. His books—such as the "History of Costume," "St. Barbe," "Rodrigue de Villandrando"—his publication of the "Trial of Jeanne d'Arc"—excellent as they are, give but a feeble idea of the merits of a man who was as remarkable for the force and massiveness of his intellect as for his disinterestedness and devotion to his work and to his pupils. As for Ch. Graux, he was quite a young man, not thirty years of age, but he was recognized as a master by all the philologists of Europe. His book on "The Greek MSS. of the Escorial" was not only a masterpiece of patience, but still more of sagacity and of historical good sense. He was a model professor, lecturing with an exactitude and clearness which imparted a charm to the driest subjects. He lived only for science and for his work as a teacher. Such men are types of a race which is yet young and strong, and these types are not so rare as one might believe. Among the young people who are being prepared to inaugurate a new era of teaching in literature and science, we should find more than one such. The work brought to the examiners for the doctor's degree is each year becoming more thorough. Among it we find such books as M. Seignobos' on "The Feudal Régime in Burgundy," which are really remarkable. We have reason to deplore the spread of bad morality which dishonors our literature, our theatres, and our streets; but read the charming book which Messrs. Perey and Maugras have just published (C. Levy), under the name of "The Youth of Madame d'Epinay," containing letters, fragments, and unpublished memoranda of that amiable and thoughtful woman, and you will find that the nineteenth century is still serious and moral compared with the eighteenth. Read the "Literary Recollections" of Maxime du Camp (Hachette), or G. Sand's "Correspondence" (C. Levy), the publication of which is just beginning, and which gives us so vivid a picture of social and literary life immediately after 1830, and you will be struck with the amount of falsity, of superficiality, of frivolity, there was in the nevertheless brilliant Romanticist movement;

and you will think that if, from a literary point of view, France has lost much, she has, perhaps, gained much in gravity and in persevering, modest activity. Wait only a few years and you will see the effect of the immense sacrifices made for education. M. Albert Duruy, in a book which is otherwise very interesting and remarkable, on "Public Education during the Revolution" (Hachette), shows how great a disproportion existed between the ambitious and grandiose projects of the men of the Revolution and the poverty of their action in the matter of general education. He forgot to add that they traced the outlines which have to-day been filled in by their heirs, and that it is to them in great measure that we should give our gratitude for the progress made during the past fifty years.

If we pass from the literary to the artistic and theatrical world, besides what there incontestably is to regret and to be troubled for, I find also reasons for rejoicing. No doubt the important place occupied by painting and music in contemporary life is partially owing to the fact that we are more open to sensation than to thought, partially to the mediocrity of literary work. Painting has become an amusement for the eye, a luxurious furnishing. To the eyes of many there is nothing to choose between the annual Salon and the Musée Grévin just opened, in which we see all our contemporaries — politicians, literary men, artists, actors — as wax figures. It is to be regretted that our two most remarkable military painters, Detaille and De Neuville, should have spent a year in painting the panorama of the Battle of Champagne; although, to our taste, the panorama is a *chef d'œuvre*, and gives a really artistic impression. It may be deplorable that commercial ideas should be at the bottom of these multiplied exhibitions of landscape painters, of female artists, of animal painters, of liberal arts, etc., etc.; but, after all, this incredible development of artistic production results in a development of public taste; from the mass of works of art originality and really elevated tendencies work themselves out. The "*Ludus pro Patriâ*" of M. Puvis de Chavannes, spite of the criticism it deserves, is a work of great inspiration and produces a pure and noble impression. The "Portrait" and the "Dancer" of M. Sargent are not only pictures of marvellous ability, but are bursting with a feeling of life which is incredibly intense.

M. Dagnan Bouveret, in his "*Bénédiction des Fiancés*," shows himself to be a profound psychologist and a master of the play of light. There could be nothing more touching than the serious, collected faces of the *fiancés* and the saddened, tender gravity of the parents. M. Gervex, in his picture of the "*Port au Charbon*," has shown how to draw artistic effects from the commonest objects of low life. And the landscape painters — MM. Stott, Binet, Bernier, Adan, Zuber, Armand-Delille, Sauzay — portray for us nature, always young and beautiful, seen by intelligent eyes and emotional souls. M. Adan's picture of an autumn evening, was, with those of MM. Dagnan and Sargent, the great surprise of the Salon. A woman leans her arm on a terrace above a valley bathed in mist and yellowed by the mellowness of October. It is nothing — its simplicity is perfect, but it is impossible to see this canvas without emotion, without all its tenderness and melancholy going to one's very heart. Do we now seek strong, manly work? Look at the masterpiece of M. Lhermitte, "*La Paix des Laboureurs*," look at the sculpture; look at M. Antonin Merié's group. What is it? — a strong Alsatian supports with one hand a dying soldier, while with the other he brandishes with heroic gesture the gun he has let fall. It says clearly that defeat is a mere accident, that right remains unconquered, and that the heart of Alsace is faithful to France.

I think, also, that we may rejoice in the progress made by musical taste. It is grave music that people like — great music, such as elevates the soul. It has often been said that the chief defect of the French was that they could not bear to be bored. I do not say that the music at our concerts is a bore — quite the contrary; but it is a good symptom to find the general public seeking, not light, gay music, but such as requires close attention and reflection, such as appeals to the deepest interests of the mind — to find them listen to music which is difficult to understand, because it contains original ideas, real science, harmonious effects. The taste for symphonies, the indifference to the opera, are proofs that the taste of the public has grown more serious.

As for the theatre, it is not the fault of the public that but few really beautiful pieces are applauded there. Let a fine drama appear, and we should see what a reception it would have. M. Coppée had last year a real success at the Odéon with

"Madame de Maintenon," in spite of its defects, because it embodied a noble idea written in excellent verse. The "*Edipe Roi*" of Sophocles, splendidly played at the Théâtre Français by Mounet-Sully, excited real enthusiasm; and the people came in great numbers to the Odéon to hear "Othello," although the actors were deplorably mediocre and the translation of M. de Gramont was not first-rate. If the Théâtre Français would play the admirable translation of it published last year by M. J. Aicard, author of "*Miette et Noré*," it would be seen that the legitimate drama can always excite enthusiasm. M. Perrin has promised "Othello" for several years past; and in Mounet-Sully he has an Othello to his hand. The applause received at the Porte St. Martin by M. Aicard's "Davenant," which contains translations of several fragments of Shakespeare, proves that the public always knows how to understand and applaud fine work. All is not decay in the France of to-day. Let us, instead of pandering to the evil instincts of the crowd, address ourselves to its healthy passions, its noble tendencies, and we shall find a deep and re-echoing response.

G. MONOD.

From Chambers' Journal.
SNAKE-ANECDOTES.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

To the generality of people the very word snake conveys a shuddering impression. The animals themselves are regarded with wholesale aversion. Nor is this altogether to be wondered at when we consider the terrible effects produced by the bite of many species—the mortal effects produced by a certain section of the tribe. There are, however, some folks who, so far from entertaining any aversion to these creatures, are anxiously engaged in studying their ways, their mode of life, and happily the dreaded powers with which the poisonous species—one-fifth only of the entire race—are endowed. In Great Britain, one species only, the adder, is poisonous, though not to the extent of being deadly poisonous; but the case is different in countries such as India and South America, where there are snakes from whose bite there is no hope of recovery. Happily, these death-

dealing creatures are few compared to their more innocent brethren, though in India the fatalities which are yearly reported are still as appalling as ever. With a view to providing a remedy for the bite of what are termed deadly snakes, many experiments have been, and still continue to be made; but as yet we have heard of no certain cure. One of our greatest authorities, Dr. Fayer, is obliged to admit that there is no hope for the person who has been bitten by a cobra whose poison is fully secreted and delivered.

Our contributor Dr. Arthur Stradling, late of the Royal Mail (Marine) Service, who favors us with the following interesting anecdotes, has made a lifelong study of the habits of snakes, both poisonous and non-poisonous. He has, we believe, made many experiments with the hope of mitigating the dire results accruing from snake-bites, and has even gone the length of voluntarily permitting various poisonous species to exercise their fangs upon his own person! Taking certain precautions beforehand—the nature of which Dr. Stradling has not yet made public—he has risked his life in the endeavor to counteract the baleful effects of snake-poison. If in the end he may be enabled to prescribe an antidote that shall prove effectual in staying the effects of the dreaded virus, mankind will owe him a debt of gratitude akin to that which it has paid to the discoverer of vaccination.

With this prelude, we offer to our readers a few of the doctor's snake-stories. He writes as follows:—

For the truth of the following anecdotes, in which serpents play a part more or less prominent, I can vouch; the incidents—except the first—having all occurred within my own personal experience. The exception, however, is matter of history at the Zoological Gardens; and not only were the eye-witnesses of the occurrence—among whom were Mr. Bartlett and the late Mr. Frank Buckland—well known to me—my informants, indeed—but the snake itself afterwards became a great friend of mine.

A few years ago, an immense anaconda or water-boia was received at the Gardens in Regent's Park, brought in a barrel on board a steamer from Central America to Liverpool, and forwarded thence by rail. This reptile, as perhaps my readers are aware, is the largest of the serpent tribe, inhabiting the swamps of tropical America, and sometimes attaining a length of thirty or forty feet, it may be much more.

It is one of the constrictors — that is to say, it is non-venomous, and kills its prey, like the boa and python, by crushing it within the convolutions of its powerful body. In the British Museum there is a fine stuffed specimen, about thirty feet long, represented in the act of seizing, though not constricting, a peccary. The subject of my tale measured twenty-three feet in length, and in girth was equal to the circumference of a man's thigh — a formidable customer, capable of swallowing a sheep. Prepared for his reception, with the floor duly gravelled, and a tank with water, Den No. 3, on the left-hand side of the reptile-house, counting from the entrance-door, was allotted to him; and within the cage is a stunted tree, up which these large serpents are wont to climb. The top of the cask unscrewed, the creature was allowed to find his way into the cage through the small aperture behind.

Roaming about in the full enjoyment of his new-found liberty, he presently turned round between the tree and the front of the cage — a space of several feet — in such a way that the bight of his body — to use a seafaring expression — lay within this space. Here, feeling the contact of the glass on one side and the wood on the other, he suddenly expanded his coil, probably in the sheer luxury of being able to stretch himself, and pushed the front of the cage out! Not simply the glass itself, which was not broken, but the heavy framework in which it is fixed, was forced away from its connection with the surrounding beams. Hereupon, several of the spectators had the presence of mind to rush forward and catch the sash before it could fall to the floor. In this way they supported it as well as they could with hands and knees until fresh assistance arrived, for the weight was too great for them to lift it back into position again; while the reptile inside, excited by the shouting and commotion, was dashing about furiously in all directions. This scattered the gravel about; and it was then found impossible to return the frame into its proper place, as the groove was choked with the small stones. Mr. Frank Buckland, aided now by a number of men from all parts of the Gardens, still kept the glass from descending, while the keeper and carpenter, who got into the cage from behind, having thrown some blankets over the snake and pushed him into a corner, proceeded to scrape away the gravel. But the anaconda, now

thoroughly enraged, contrived to extricate his head from the covering, and before the men could escape, flew at the carpenter and seized him by the shoulder. The keeper courageously turned, gripped the serpent by the throat, and forced him to let go, but not until the unfortunate man's arm was terribly lacerated by the powerful lancet-like teeth.

Luckily, the door of the reptile-house had been locked when the first *contre-temps* took place, so that no casual visitors were witnesses of the scene; otherwise, fainting women and horror-stricken men would doubtless have added to its confusion. By this time the groove was clear, and the frame temporarily secured, so that the carpenter made good his exit, while the keeper, watching his opportunity, flung the creature from him and jumped out.

But it afterwards became very tame and tractable, and I established very friendly relations with it. Many a time have I stood at the door with Holland the keeper, and allowed it to rear its great black-spotted head out of the tank till it flickered its tongue against my face, while I patted its shining scales with my hand. Towards Holland it was most affectionate, and would always come up to the grated ventilator to see him when he was sweeping out the passage behind, though it took no notice of the people in front. Snakes take strong likings and dislikes to people, often unaccountably. Holland was one of the kindest and most intelligent keepers that ever handled a reptile, and could generally win anything's confidence; yet there was — and probably is still — a west-African python, some sixteen feet long, in the house, that positively conceived a murderous hatred of him. Why this should be so, neither he nor any one else could ever understand; but it is a fact that this python at feeding-times would sit up close to the door and wait, not for the ducks and rabbits, but for him!

The anaconda to which we have just referred was eventually killed by a guinea-pig! The little animal had been put into the den for a smaller snake's delectation, as our friend was torpid just then, owing to the approaching casting of the skin, in which state they do not feed. The guinea-pig was running carelessly over him, and the irritation of its feet probably caused the anaconda to move slightly, for its leg became entangled between two folds of the serpent's body — not constricted or

nipped in anger, in which case it would have been all up with guinea-pig in a very short time—and it could not get free. It must probably have struggled some time, and then bitten its unconscious captor till it got away, for a great hole was found in the snake's side, and it lost much blood. This caused such profuse suppuration and ulceration of the whole body, that the poor brute had to be destroyed.

I have succeeded in bringing alive to this country two specimens of that deadliest of serpents, the Brazilian curucucu, or bush-master as it is called in Guiana; and in connection with the first of these I had a disagreeable little adventure. It was sent to me in Rio de Janeiro in an open, bowl-shaped basket, having been caught with a lasso, which, drawn tight behind its large triangular head, and passed through the wicker-work, secured it to the bottom of the basket. Evidently, it could not go home like this. I had no snake-tongs, and was not at that time quite so confident about manipulating poisonous serpents as closer familiarity with them has since made me; besides, a cabin on board ship contains so many nooks and crannies wherein a snake, once escaped from control, would be wholly irrecoverable. Therefore, I covered the mouth of the basket with canvas in such a way as to convert it into a sort of kettle-drum; and cut a square hole in this, which corresponded exactly, when the drum was turned upside down, to an aperture in a snake-box, made by removing the perforated zinc. Then, applying the two accurately together, I cut the noose from the outside, in the hope that the reptile would drop through into the box. This, however, he refused to do, but darted round and round inside the basket, striking passionately; and as the wicker was neither very thick nor close in texture, it may be imagined that the situation was rather a sensational one. I had commenced operations just as we were steaming out of the Bay of Rio; and while affairs stood in the position I have indicated, we crossed the bar. The heavy swell from the outside caught the ship right abeam, and caused her to give two or three of the most tremendous lurches I ever experienced. I thought for the moment that she was going over. Everything in my cabin went adrift; books, boxes, cages, chairs, and about a dozen other snakes, came tumbling about me with a deafening din of smashing glass and woodwork. I lost my footing, and

was thrown down; and as the ship rolled back to the weather-side, a huge wave thundered in at the open port and flooded the cabin; but I clung to my basket and box all the time, holding them together literally for dear life; for I knew I might as well be drowned or get my brains knocked out, as let my prisoner escape. He was safely housed at last: but a filament of the grass lasso remained around his neck, spite of all my attempts to disengage it; this interfered with his respiration, and he died shortly after his arrival at the Zoo.

Having brought home many scores, perhaps hundreds, of live snakes in the course of my voyages, I have at different times published the results of my experience in that line, in the hope of inducing others to do the same. In the study of ophiology, living specimens are a great desideratum, since after death and in spirits, snakes alter so much as to be scarcely recognizable, especially when injured, as they usually are. Nothing is more easily or safely kept during a voyage than a snake, if attention be paid to one or two small details. It is more easily kept than a bird, as it requires neither food, water, light, nor abundant ventilation; and beyond warmth, needs scarcely more care than a dead one in a bottle; but I suppose it is because these small details are so little known that we get so few rare snakes at the Zoo. In my papers, I have endeavored to point out not only all that is necessary for their well-being in transmission, but also the dangers connected with them to be avoided on board ship. Nevertheless, an incident happened to one of mine some time ago, the possibility of which had never entered my head. I say to "one of mine;" but in reality the reptile, a fine full-grown rattlesnake, did not belong to me, but to a brother officer, who had bought it for presentation to the Zoological Garden at Hamburg, on the strength of my promise to look after it for him. It was brought on board in a small square box—a Schiedam-case, in fact—neatly tied up in brown paper, at my suggestion, and labelled "Feather Flowers," for the benefit of inquisitive passengers. This box was fronted with galvanized wire-netting of small mesh, which must have been nailed on after the snake had been put in, as there was no door. All was perfectly secure; so, as I had a numerous serpent tenantry at the time in my own specially constructed cases, I decided to let my lodger remain

where it was, more especially as I judged, from its plump appearance, that it had lately fed, and would require no more nourishment till it got home. (It is worthy of remark that, as a rule, snakes feed, or require to be fed, only at long intervals; a rattlesnake has been known to live a year and eleven months without food.)

Imagine my surprise when, on going to my cabin about a week later, I met a little rattlesnake, six or seven inches long, climbing over the combing of the doorway! There was no doubt about it; *Crotalus horridus** was written in every scale of his wicked little head and diamond-patterned back, and signed by the horn at the end of his tail, which went quivering upwards as soon as he saw me. It was not a time to stand on ceremony, so I stood on *him* instead. Inside the cabin was another, wriggling along the floor, on whom also I executed a *pas seul* without further inquiry; and on turning round, sure enough there was a third on the washing-stand, sticking up his head and tail with the most menacing intentions. There was no longer any doubt that an interesting event had happened, a fact which was evidenced by the spectacle of the box swarming with writhing little corkscrews, one of which was in the very act of escaping through the wire. I snatched up a towel and pressed it over the case; and while my boy nailed it on, and thus blinded the front, I despatched the two strays.

Now came the question, What was to be done? The inmates were safe enough for the time; but it obviously would, not do to trust to a thin towel as the only dividing medium between them and the ship at large, for the rest of the voyage. I had to be cautious then, not being in possession of the means which place me now to a great extent beyond the pale of danger, and allow me to handle these things with comparative impunity; but I was none the less anxious to save the brood. A woman happily extricated me from my dilemma—the old stewardess, who was quite in my confidence, since she “didn’t mind them things,” and who used to allay any anxiety on the subject among lady passengers with, I fear, a greater regard for me than for the truth. She gave me an old stocking; and this is what we did with it. First, we removed all the nails from one corner at the back of the

box for about two inches along the two sides of the angle, and fixed a screw instead at the extreme angle itself. Then, with an excision saw—out of my case of surgical instruments—we cut through the wood for two inches each way, so as to complete the square, then nailed the mouth of the stocking over it, and finally removed the screw with a small screw-driver through a tiny slit in the stocking itself. The piece of wood, two inches square, thus severed all connection, and the screw dropped down into the foot; and by dint of shaking and knocking, the little reptiles were induced to follow. When a good many were in, the stocking was tied with cord tightly near the heel, and again about an inch higher, and the lower part was cut off between the two ligatures. This was emptied of its contents into a glass box which stood ready for their reception, while the rest of the babies were shaken down into the leg of the stocking, which still remained a *cul de sac*. The only hitch in the proceedings was a momentary though rather serious one, caused by mamma protruding her head and evincing a disposition to follow her offspring. When all the little ones—there were thirteen of them, exclusive of those I had killed—were out of the box, the bag was again tied twice, and divided; and they were restored to the society of their brothers and sisters.

But stop a bit! The resources of our very subtle contrivance were not yet exhausted. About a foot-length of that most useful stocking was still left, and this was tied once more, but this time close up to the box; then the lower end was untied, two rats introduced and fastened up again; then, the upper ligature being removed, the rats were shaken into the cage, and the maternal rattlesnake was compensated for the loss of her promising family by a good dinner. Finally, the stocking—or what was left of it—was pushed into the box, and the square piece of wood was nailed securely on again over it. But there was a pleasing uncertainty for the remainder of the voyage as to how many had got adrift before I discovered them, and where they had stowed themselves, which rendered going to bed, putting on one’s boots and the like, full of interest. When the importation of rattlesnakes becomes a recognized branch of industry, I shall take out a patent for that stocking dodge.

* The Latin name for the rattlesnake.